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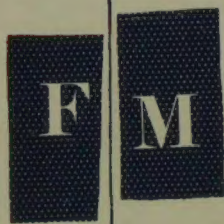
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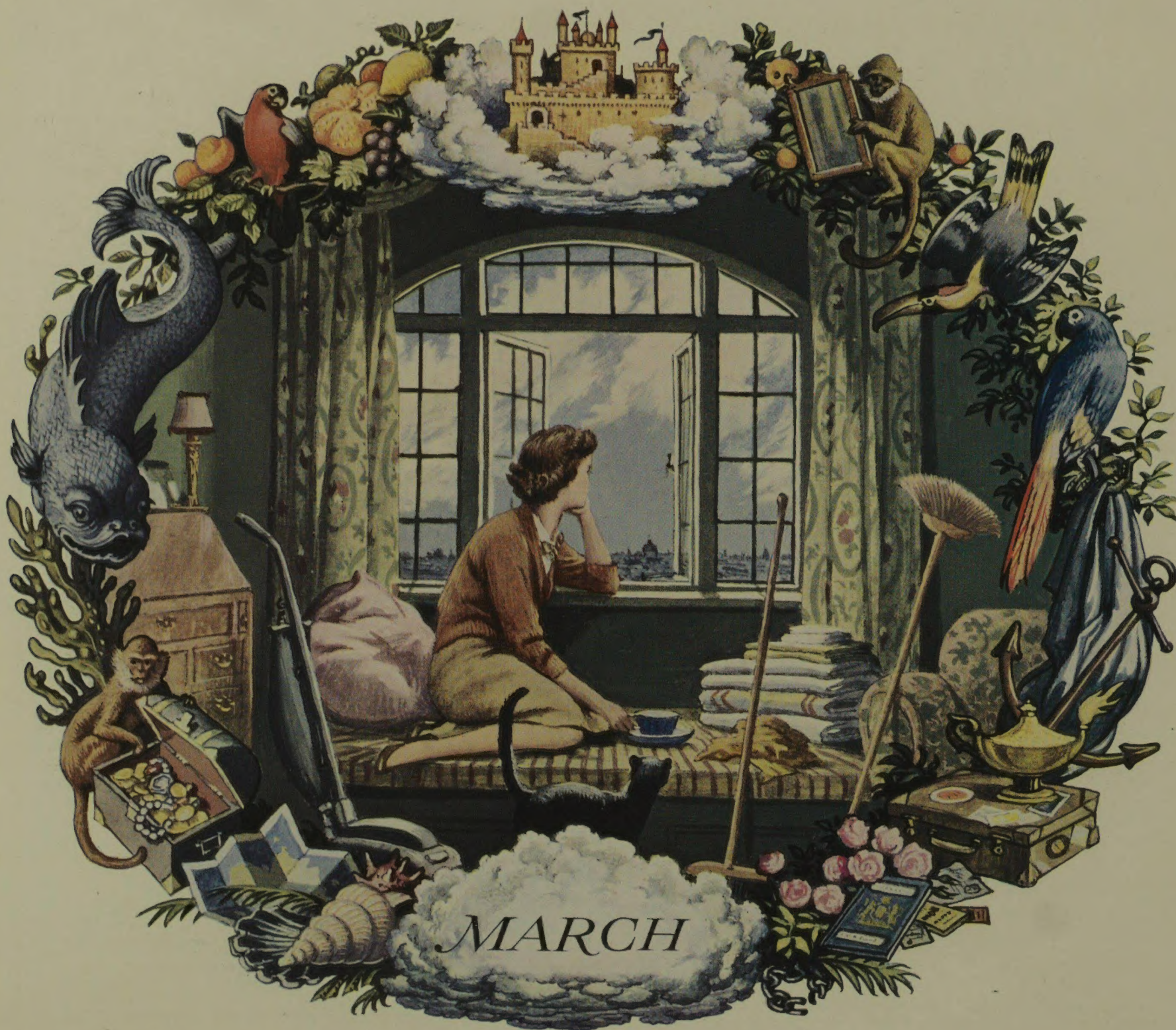


Life's simple pleasures

... I think and think on things impossible

And love to wander in that golden maze.

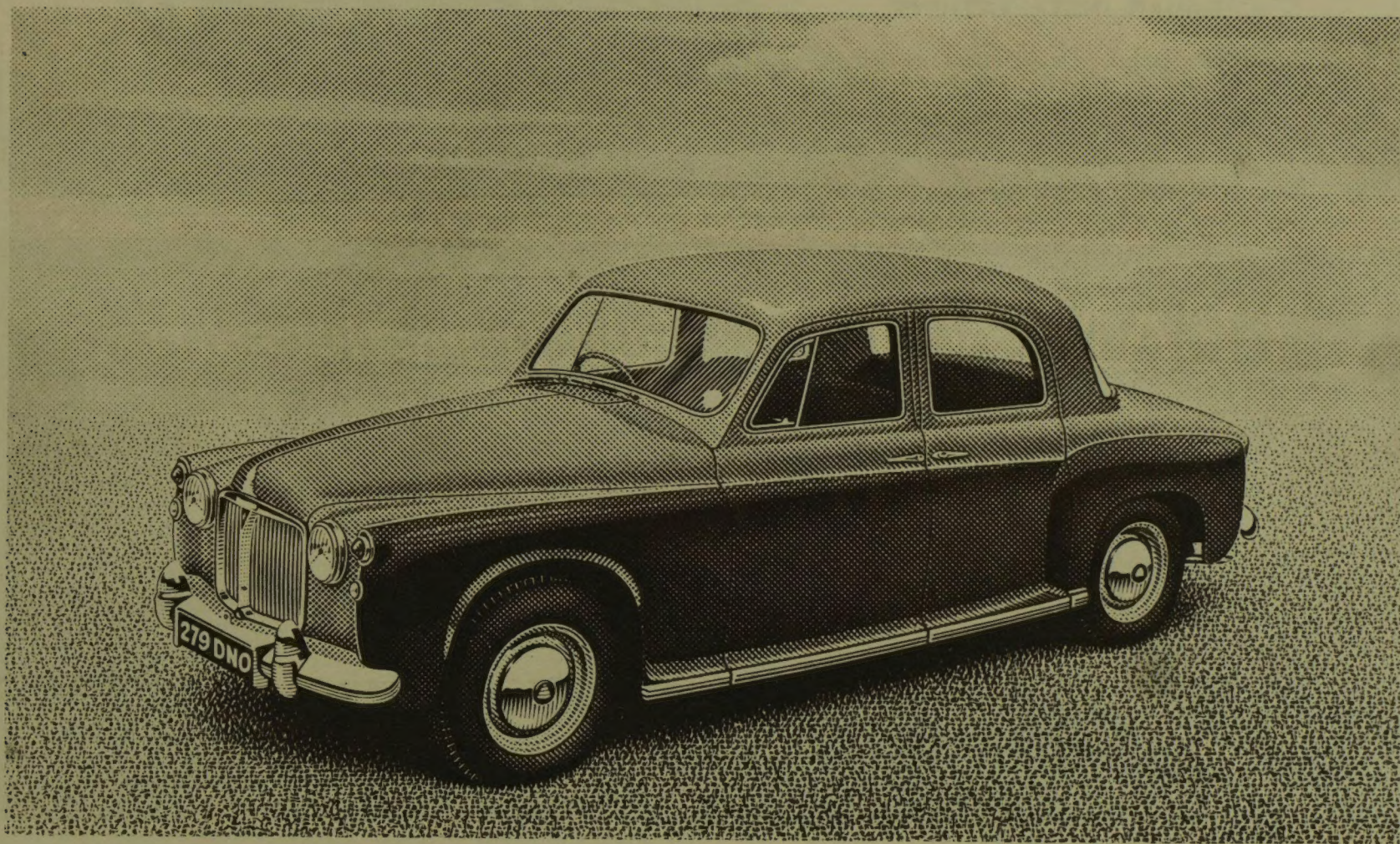
That was Dryden, writing three centuries ago – and most of us ever since have wandered at some time or other in that same maze. The pleasure of day-dreaming is thus time-honoured as well as widespread and you may therefore continue to enjoy it with a clear conscience. If you see yourself scoring a Test Match century or rescuing the maiden in distress or even leading the forlorn hope, we can only say – good luck to you! But if you operate on a less spectacular level; if, for you, a castle in Spain simply means a car in the garage or a refrigerator in the kitchen, we could perhaps be more practical. The Midland Bank PERSONAL LOANS Service has the remarkable ability to transmute 'things impossible' into things actual. It might, therefore, be worth while bringing its power to bear upon your particular day-dream.



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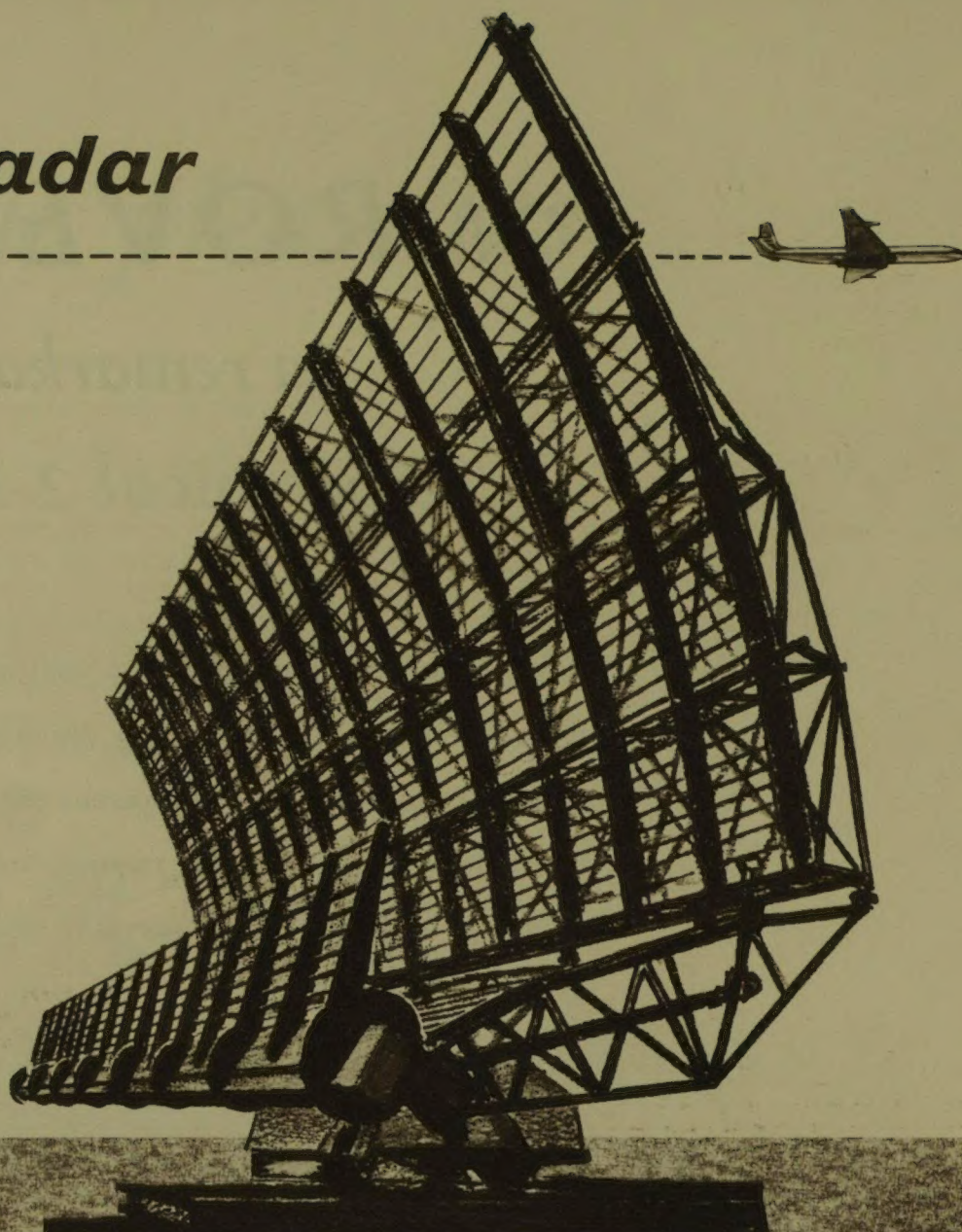
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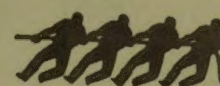


This recent sculpture by David Wynne, F.R.S.A., for Taylor Woodrow has a very real significance for all who have new building in mind. It was created primarily to symbolize the spirit of teamwork that pervades all levels of the Taylor Woodrow organization, the enthusiasm and drive that so often completes contracts well ahead of meticulously planned and therefore very tight schedules. But it also symbolizes a new dynamic in building—that of bringing Taylor Woodrow into full collaboration with your consultants right from the start. This we call Tayplanning, which brings to your new project a degree of efficiency and speed obtainable in no other way.

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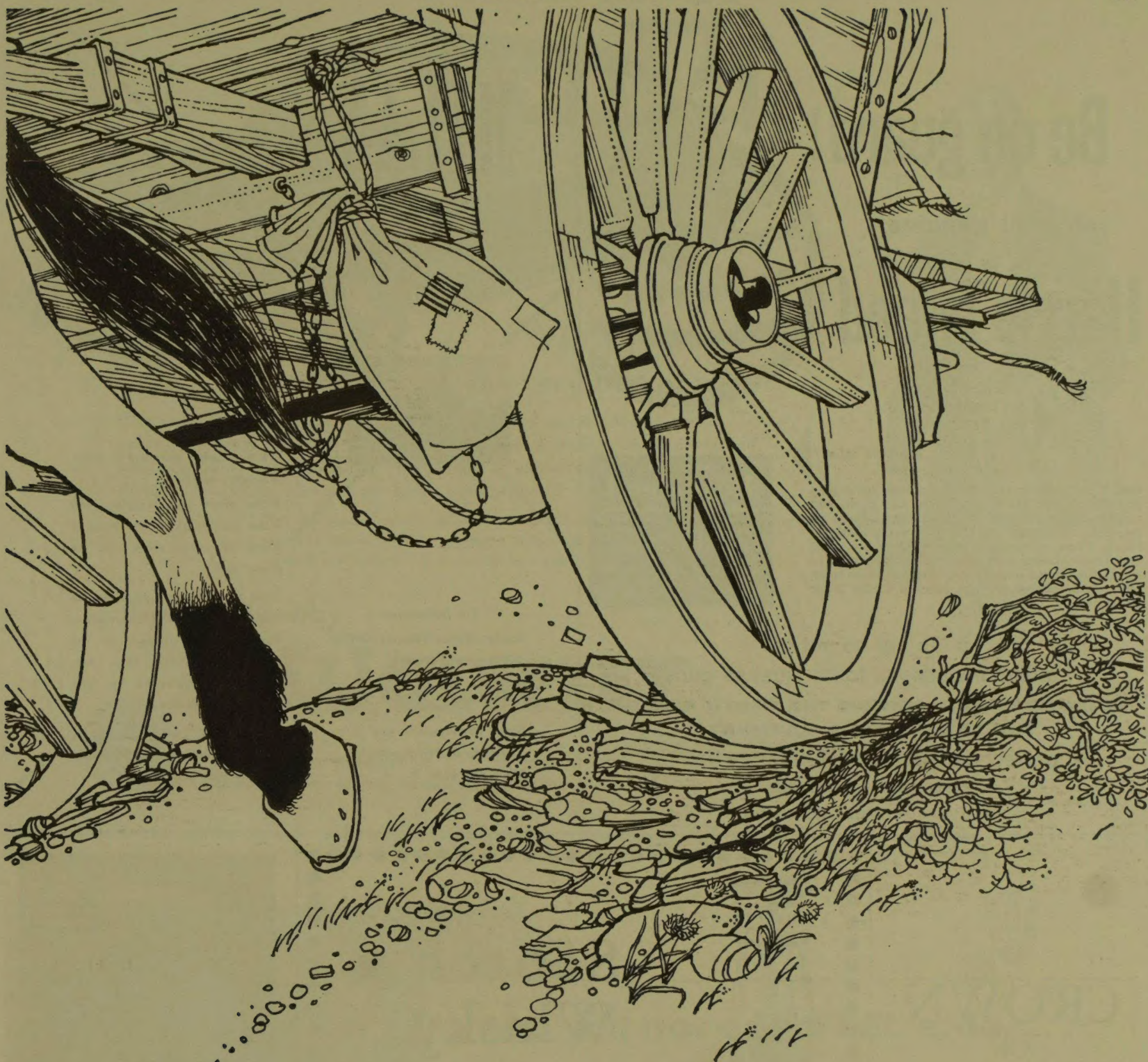
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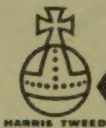
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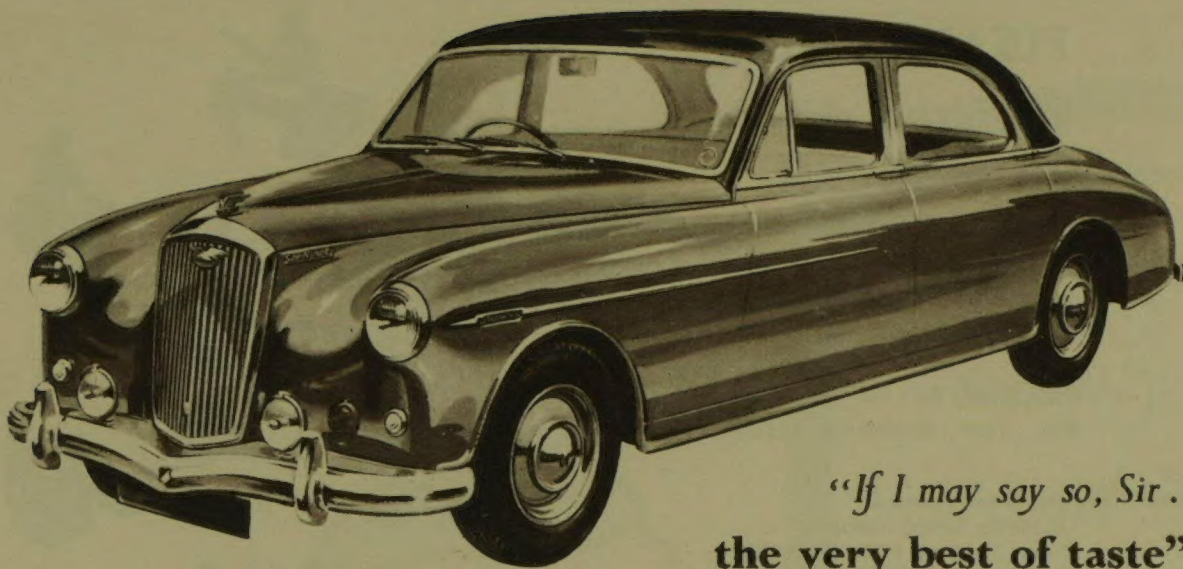
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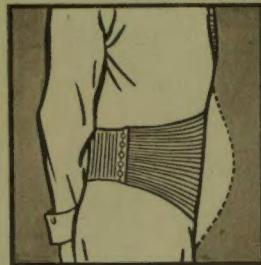
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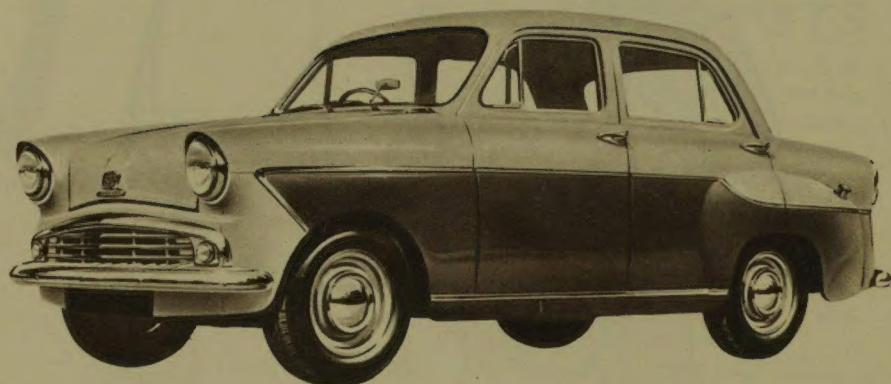
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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1959.



ON HIS RETURN TO CYPRUS AFTER AGREEMENT ON THE ISLAND'S FUTURE HAD BEEN REACHED IN LONDON: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOMED BY THE GREEK CYPRIOT CROWDS.

Archbishop Makarios was given a frenzied welcome by thousands of Greek Cypriots when he returned by air to Cyprus on March 1, after almost exactly three years of exile and after the signing in London of the agreement for independence for Cyprus. After his aircraft landed at Nicosia Airport, Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor (who had come to the airport by helicopter), went aboard to welcome the Archbishop, who afterwards was driven through dense crowds of cheering Greek Cypriots along the five-mile route into the capital. After attending a thanksgiving service in St. John's Cathedral, the Archbishop delivered a speech to the crowds from the balcony of his new Palace

nearby. He praised Eoka's "numberless heroes" and their leader, whom he referred to as General Grivas, and calling for peaceful endeavour in the future, said, "Let us hold out the honest hand of friendship and co-operation to all. Especially let us co-operate with our friends of the Turkish community." Before the jubilant welcome given to Archbishop Makarios on his return, it had been announced that Colonel Grivas would be offered a safe conduct to Greece. He could also take with him anyone he wished. All detention camps had been closed and many Cypriot detainees had been released. Other illustrations appear on page 383. (Photograph by radio.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMEWHERE, in one of those passages which out of faded family letters illuminate the dry-as-dust past with the light of living humanity, the great Lord Halifax, writing amid the turmoils and perils of the Popish Plot and Exclusion Act debates, wrote, "Our world here is so overrun with the politics, the fools' heads so conceited, and the knaves so busy that a wasps' nest is a quieter place to sleep in than this town. . . . I confess I dream of the country as men do of small beer when they are in a fever." Lying in bed in London for the past ten days in the company of some malignant germ, this last phrase of that most human of seventeenth-century statesmen has kept running through my head, and I have found myself doing exactly the same thing as he: only my thoughts, being like his purely personal thoughts, have turned, not to his great Nottinghamshire abbey amid the glades of Sherwood Forest which lay at the secret and inner core of Halifax's heart, but to a low, white Regency house lying with its barns and cow stalls in a western valley of beeches looking down on the lakes formed by the infant Nadder and beyond them, where the woods widen out to the south-east, on the line of the far downs,

so noble and so bare.

So it has always been with men of our race, ever since the days when our remote Saxon ancestors first broke the stubborn claylands of the shires with their deep ploughs. We may, most of us to-day, be townsmen, just as Caroline Lord Halifax, by virtue of his trade of statesman and courtier, had become a townsman, but, wherever we have country roots or can put them down, back we reach to them whenever the need arises for deep refreshment of body or soul.

Mine were put down in this place as a boy, and here—though my heart has found many other country anchorages and most of my work is done, and my days, therefore, spent, in London—I belong. My father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, and a much-loved uncle, are all buried here, lying together in what I think must be the loveliest-sited churchyard in England—I have certainly never seen a lovelier—beneath the grey fourteenth-century tower which I can see from my eastern windows two miles down the valley. And so far as one can predict anything in this uncertain, atom-haunted age, when man is being whipped at an ever-increasing pace and peril round the planet which was once his home by the throngs of his own scientific discoveries, I shall probably end my days in the same quiet place; it matters very little, but I can think of no better. But what matters much is, not where my body will one day resolve itself in the placid course of nature with its fellow earth, but where my living heart and the mysterious feelings which spring from it prompt me to wish to be and, in wishing, carry me there. And again and again, as I have lain in bed surrounded by papers and manuscripts and doctor's pills and chewed pencils and elusive pieces of india-rubber, my heart has obstinately set out on its western pilgrimage and ended in the same place, a point of familiar departure for walks and the spot where my old

dog, *Jimmy*, lies under the shade of a giant rhododendron at the edge of the lawn above the Nadder; it was just here he always ran, wild with excitement, on being released from the car on arrival, to lift his leg before, with triumphant barks and amid unavailing cries from his human guardians, he disappeared in the direction of the rabbit warrens in the valley below. And calling him to follow me, I enter the woods, with sickle and swinger, and disappear from all human company and trace into their cool shade, stopping at each familiar beech and oak and chestnut, whose

so though I am far away, just as it was before I was born and will continue to do, I hope, long after I am dead. It is quite extraordinary how much happiness there is in this reflection. It is quite illogical, but every countryman will know what I mean.

I have other country resorts, to which my heart repairs when my body is imprisoned in a London bedroom. There is the beautiful house by the southern sea with which I struggled, trying to restore its war-ravaged beauty and order for eight seemingly wasted years until the whole of

its vast stone roof had to be taken from it to renew its death-watch-beetle-ridden timbers. Yet the sight of its mellowed mauve stone and of that peaceful garden, first a wilderness full of snakes and rabbits, strange weeds and discarded army junk and later a measured pleasure of trim lawns, bright flowers and formal trees, is something which neither time nor absence—and I shall never see it again—can take from me: that and those incredible cliffs, amid whose scenery the house and its quiet gardens and surrounding pastures were set. Hay-making on those romantic slopes on fine days, when the sea was sparkling blue and the sleeping giants towards Lulworth and Ringstead the colour of deep sapphires, was like something unimaginable out of an Italian primitive. And here, too, my dog was—and is—always with me; nosing for rats'-nests and snakes in the, for him, ecstatic early days of the garden before it had been made tame and dog-dull, or racing wildly on the down edge high above the house, scattering rabbits in every direction and inhaling the wild sea wind. Sometimes we would walk together as far as the two stones on the lonely cliff that marked the spot where a former Lord Chancellor and his dog used to gaze on the incoming breakers, sweeping in from the west beyond Portland and its race, and meditate no doubt on the proud fleet of Britain on which his country's security and his own wealth and power rested. Lord Chancellor, dog *Pincher*, my dog *Jimmy*, proud, unchallengeable Fleet of England, Britain's security, all are gone. But the wild cliffs and the Dorset seas and the thyme-scented salt air are unchanged and there as heretofore, there at this very moment, and my heart there with them, made free of that lonely beautiful place for ever. As it is, too, of the Cotswold sheep-walks above Colesbourne and the deep coombs that slope southwards from mysterious Elkstone; of the huge expanses of golden sand and marsh that is the sea-coast of the holy land



PRINCESS ARTHUR, WHOSE DEATH OCCURRED ON FEBRUARY 26.

Princess Arthur of Connaught, Duchess of Fife, was sixty-seven at the time of her death. She had for several years suffered from ill-health, and shortly before her death it was announced she had contracted pneumonia. The elder daughter of the late Duke of Fife by his marriage to the late Princess Royal, eldest daughter of King Edward VII, she married, in 1913, Prince Arthur of Connaught. During his successful term as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, she took a keen interest in the local hospitals and was held in affectionate esteem in the Union. She was a trained nurse and during the First World War nursed the wounded soldiers at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and in the last war, after a period as matron of her own nursing home, became sister-in-charge of a casualty clearing station. Prince Arthur died in 1938, and five years later her only son died. The dukedom of Fife, to which he was the heir apparent, now passes to Princess Arthur's nephew, Lord Carnegie.

ancient trunks and vast spreading branches I have known these fifty years, and in whose midst I feel myself to be in a world like the womb, where time has no meaning, only living and the timeless mystery of living. And all round me is that other world of beasts and birds, to whom the woods also are a sanctuary; at night from my window I can hear their cries and movements as they go about their nocturnal business, seeking their food and mates. I love to think, amid the sound of the London traffic, that this life of theirs and of the living vegetable woods around them is going on at this very moment and will continue to do

of Walsingham and the very place where England began; and, most of all—for it is so rooted for me in ancient content—the clay buttercup meadows and hedgerow elms and red-brick and half-cast seventeenth-century cottages of North Buckinghamshire where I had my home for nearly a quarter of a century. To be free of so much loveliness and able to revisit any part of it at any hour of the day or night is to be a great lord of many acres, and it is as such that I lie here, amid urban sights and sounds and unfinished manuscripts and chewed pencils and elusive pieces of india-rubber.

IN THE CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION: AFTER THE DISTURBANCES.



THREE EUROPEAN CIVILIANS, WEARING NYASALAND POLICE ARM-BANDS, SETTING OUT ON A NIGHT PATROL IN BLANTYRE, THE SCENE OF SOME OF THE RECENT TROUBLES.



AN AFRICAN SOLDIER STANDING ON GUARD NEAR A RESIDENTIAL AREA IN BLANTYRE FOLLOWING THE DISTURBANCES IN NYASALAND.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE INTERROGATION OF AFRICANS BY MILITARY AND CIVIL POLICE IN NYASALAND. A STATE OF EMERGENCY WAS DECLARED IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA.



BARRICADES BEING ERRECTED OUTSIDE THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S OFFICES IN BLANTYRE. IN THE FOREGROUND: VEHICLES OFFICIALLY COMMANDEERED.



CHILDREN AT PLAY WITH THEIR SCHOOLMISTRESS AS SOLDIERS STAND GUARD: A SCENE AT A NYASALAND SCHOOL.



A SHOW OF MILITARY STRENGTH: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AS TROOPS MARCHED THROUGH BLANTYRE RECENTLY.



THE STATE OF EMERGENCY IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: SOLDIERS—LATER HELD IN READINESS IN SALISBURY—DRAWING ARMS AND KIT.

By February 28, three Africans had been killed and others injured during the course of disturbances in Nyasaland which broke out just over a week previously. The upsurge of African national feeling in Nyasaland has followed the All-African People's Conference held in Accra, Ghana, last December, which was attended by Dr. Hastings Banda, the central figure in the African political ferment in Nyasaland. Following the outbreak of

violence in Nyasaland, units of the territorial force were called up and a state of emergency proclaimed in Southern Rhodesia. Leaders of the African National Congress movement in Southern Rhodesia were taken into custody. The huge preponderance of Africans over Europeans in each of the three parts of the Federation and the Federation's limited security forces led to considerable anxiety. There have been troubles in the Belgian Congo and Guinea recently.



AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE BOLSHOI: MR. MACMILLAN (HAND RAISED) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV (CLAPPING) ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION ON THEIR ARRIVAL.



AT MOSCOW UNIVERSITY ON FEBRUARY 23: MR. MACMILLAN LOOKING OUT AT THE VIEW OF THE LENIN STADIUM. ON THE LEFT, MR. MALIK, SOVIET AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.



MR. MACMILLAN AND THE MILKMAIDS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO A LARGE COLLECTIVE FARM OUTSIDE KIEV ON FEBRUARY 27.

Mr. Macmillan's "voyage of discovery" in Russia has been complicated, on the surface, by the indisposition of the principals, Mr. Macmillan's cold and Mr. Khrushchev's toothache, and also by fluctuating changes in the warmth of the host's welcome. After the dinner given at the Kremlin on the day of the arrival, the principals drove out to a country house, or *dacha*, which was built for Stalin in 1939; and, in the twenty-four hours

MR. MACMILLAN'S "VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY" IN



MR. MACMILLAN (IN THE NOW-FAMOUS WHITE HAT) WITH MR. SELWYN LLOYD AND THE UKRAINE PREMIER, MR. KALCHENKO, IN THE KIEV WAR MEMORIAL "PARK OF GLORY."



ADDRESSING THE STUDENTS OF MOSCOW UNIVERSITY IN THE GREAT AUDITORIUM ON FEBRUARY 23, MR. MACMILLAN MADE AN APPEAL FOR GREATER CULTURAL FREEDOM.



AT THE 6,000-ACRE COLLECTIVE FARM CALLED KOMMUNIST: MR. MACMILLAN, MR. LLOYD AND (LEFT) MR. KALCHENKO, PREMIER OF THE UKRAINE, AND A CROWD EXAMINING FARM MACHINERY.

spent there, there were two business sessions in an atmosphere of some geniality. On February 23 there was a morning session of talks at the Kremlin; and in the afternoon Mr. Macmillan visited Moscow University and addressed the students; and in the evening Mr. Macmillan was host at a dinner at the British Embassy. On February 24 Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd went to Dubna, the Russian nuclear research centre, and, in their

RUSSIA: OCCASIONS IN MOSCOW AND THE UKRAINE.



AT THE DUBNA NUCLEAR RESEARCH INSTITUTE, 40 MILES FROM MOSCOW, ON FEBRUARY 24: MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD SEATED BEFORE THE "NERVE CENTRE" CONTROL PANEL.



AFTER LUNCHEON ON FEBRUARY 25 AT THE DACHA: (L. TO R.) MR. GROMYKO, MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. MACMILLAN, MR. SELWYN LLOYD, MR. MALIK AND MR. MIKOYAN.



AT THE KREMLIN TALKS OF FEBRUARY 23: (LEFT) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. MIKOYAN, MR. GROMYKO, MR. MALIK; (RIGHT) MR. MACMILLAN, MR. LLOYD AND SIR PATRICK REILLY.

absence, Mr. Khrushchev gave a public electioneering speech, giving blunt opinions on several matters presumably under discussion. In the evening there was a reception at the British Embassy. The shooting party originally arranged for February 25 had been cancelled; and instead Mr. Khrushchev came to luncheon at the *dacha* placed at the British party's disposal; and in the evening there was a Gala ballet performance at the Bolshoi. On



ARRIVING AT KIEV AIRPORT ON FEBRUARY 26, UNACCOMPANIED BY MR. KHRUSHCHEV: MR. MACMILLAN WITH (LEFT) MR. KALCHENKO.



THE DACHA, OR COUNTRY HOUSE, AT USPENSKOYE, OUTSIDE MOSCOW, WHICH THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT PLACED AT THE BRITISH PARTY'S DISPOSAL.



DURING ONE OF THE WARM SPELLS: MR. KHRUSHCHEV, IN GENIAL MOOD, PINNING A SOVIET BADGE TO MR. MACMILLAN'S LAPEL AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

February 26 and 27 Mr. Macmillan was at Kiev, Mr. Khrushchev deciding not to accompany him as he had toothache. On February 28 Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd arrived by air at Leningrad where Mr. Mikoyan was waiting to greet them and the atmosphere of the visit again took a turn for the better. Later the same day Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd drove through Leningrad and went over the atomic ice-breaker *Lenin*.

TWO stout volumes have lain reproachfully on my table for many weeks, awaiting the tribute which I have always intended to pay to them. I read them before the date of publication, but each week an event in some part of the world called for comment and compelled me to put aside the history of the Royal Tank Regiment.* This work is a great achievement. There have been regimental histories written in even more detail than this, covering short periods such as a single war, and many in less detail over long periods. Only rarely, however, have detail and scope been combined as in this case. Two examples where they have, occurred to me as I write: that of the Coldstream Guards and that of the Gordon Highlanders, to the latter of which I contributed.

These volumes on the Royal Tank Regiment must have been harder to compile than that of any infantry regiment. It has been said that in many respects armoured warfare resembles sea warfare. Now historians of battles without landmarks make beautiful diagrams of the opposing fleets, generally naming every ship, but one notices that they are a bit reserved about latitude, longitude, and distances. I doubt whether anyone knows how far apart the Japanese and Russian battleships were during the battle of the Tsushima. Certainly as regards the North African desert, where such a large proportion of tank warfare took place in the Second World War, it must have called for very hard work in the sifting of evidence to ascertain what happened.

The first of Captain Liddell Hart's volumes covers the First World War and the period between the two wars. The second, which is considerably the longer, starts with the year 1939 and ends with 1945. I presume it is this which will give most pleasure to the regiment, but I must confess that I found the earlier volume the more interesting. All that pioneering work is fascinating; the action of the tanks, even when they were relative failures as at Arras, is not only exciting but easy to follow; and the peacetime experiments, squabbles and frustrations make the best reading of all, even to an addict of military history such as myself. It seems to me that the faster armoured warfare becomes, and the more exciting it presumably is to take part in, the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The period between the wars seems incredible in the light of present-day knowledge, though it may have appeared less fantastically unreasonable and inconsequent to the less deeply committed onlookers who lived through it. We started in an excellent position and with experience unmatched in the military world. There was no lack of brains either on the theoretical or on the practical side, and theory and practice were, as is highly desirable, combined in a number of individuals. But, whenever we made a step

It was brought to an end not only by a direct improvement in tactics and organisation, but through the fertility of mind which produced all the special material: the *D.D.* swimming tanks, *Crabs*, *Crocodiles*, *Flails*, armoured troop-carriers, and the extremely valuable amphibious *Buffaloes*. These not only enabled much to be

done which would have been highly uncertain without their aid, but also ensured that it should be done with economy in human life. Many errors were made even in the campaign of North-West Europe in the handling of armour, but the general results were successful and the prestige of British armour rose steeply, not only in the eyes of the infantry, but in those of the world at large.

Captain Liddell Hart does not confine himself to the history of the regiment in the two great



THE EXPERIMENTAL ARMOURD FORCE IN REVIEW ORDER ON SALISBURY PLAIN IN 1928.

forward, either the Chancellor of the Exchequer or (more often, curiously enough) the War Office called for a retrograde step the next year. The progress of the Royal Tank Corps, as it had then become, might be illustrated on a graph which would resemble the temperature chart of a feverish patient in hospital. To crown all, about the lowest point was reached when we decided to stand up to Hitler.

wars and in between them. He deals also with the strategy and tactics, and even the higher leadership, especially in the case of the second war. He examines the constitution of armoured formations, particularly with regard to the strength and the rôle of the infantry forming part of an armoured division. As I have already stated, it is a very thorough and all-embracing history, which will stand the test of time, though I have to



"BIG WILLIE," ONE OF THE VERY EARLIEST TANKS, SEEN UNDERGOING TRIALS IN BURTON PARK IN JANUARY 1916. IT LATER BECAME KNOWN AS "MOTHER."

smaller is the impression which it makes in print, especially in a long battle.

One battle of which I saw a great deal with my own eyes was the first big tank battle. I thought at the time, and am confirmed in my views by the figures given here, that we made a grave mistake in the proportion of the available armour we allotted to the first day's assault at Cambrai. Everyone had his eyes on the horrible Hindenburg Line wire and we thought that if the tanks put the infantry through that they would have done three parts of their job. It was a shallow conception. There should have been another 30 per cent. of the tanks in reserve. All the outstanding performances of armour in this war are well described and analysed.

* "The Tanks: The History of the Royal Tank Regiment and its Predecessors, Heavy Branch Machine-Gun Corps, Tank Corps and Royal Tank Corps, 1914-1945." Two Vols. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (Cassell; 70s.)

cavalry appeared to the old regiments of the Royal Tank Corps—henceforth combining with them to form the Royal Armoured Corps—rather in the guise of interlopers, but the sentiment, then natural, should be dead now.

In the Second World War the new force was dogged by two failings, long in healing, the first tactical, the second material. It lost one opportunity after another by persistent dispersion of effort, to say nothing of incurring many disasters, and the production of tanks went sadly wrong. The first weakness was put right before the second, and sad, indeed, would have been our lot but for the *Shermans* and other American tanks which came into our hands. These faults led, as the author records, to a deep distrust of armour by the infantry at one period, a feeling that the tanks would never be where they were wanted. It took a good deal of living down.



THE CONQUEROR, THE LATEST HEAVY TANK IN SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT.

Illustrations reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Company Ltd.

complain that—presumably in an effort to keep down costs and price—the close-set type is trying to the eye.

The tank has been responsible for one of the most revolutionary changes in war. Yet its ancestors are to be found well over 2000 years ago in the form of armoured chariots, some of them with scythe-like weapons on the wheels. One might indeed add the shelters beneath which troops advanced to the walls of fortresses at much later dates. We learn here how hard it was to provide the last stage of the progress needed to produce an armoured fighting vehicle in the form of a prime mover. Captain Liddell Hart and his assistants are to be congratulated on a notable work which has taken something like a dozen years to write and publish.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ANKARA, TURKEY. A SCENE DURING THE FUNERAL FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE AIR CRASH IN WHICH THE TURKISH PREMIER WAS A SURVIVOR.



CYPRUS. RELEASED DETAINEES BEING WELCOMED AS THEY RIDE ON THE TOP OF A BUS THROUGH NICOSIA.



CYPRUS. GREEK CYPRIOT DETAINEES LEAVING THE KOKKINOTRIMITHIA DETENTION CAMP ON FEBRUARY 22, WHEN THE DETENTION CAMPS WERE CLOSED.



CYPRUS. DR. KUTCHUK CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH BY TURKISH CYPRIOT CROWDS IN NICOSIA AFTER RETURNING FROM THE LONDON CONFERENCE.



ATHENS, GREECE. A SCENE OF VIOLENCE IN THE GREEK PARLIAMENT DURING THE FOUR-DAY DEBATE ON THE LONDON CYPRUS AGREEMENT.



CYPRUS. THE RETURN FROM LONDON OF THE TURKISH CYPRIOT LEADER, DR. KUTCHUK: ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS MOBBIING HIS CAR IN NICOSIA.

IN CYPRUS, ATHENS AND ANKARA: SCENES AFTER THE LONDON AGREEMENT ON CYPRUS.

On February 22, within three days of agreement on Cyprus being reached at the London Conference, and shortly after Sir Hugh Foot's return to the island, numerous Cypriot detainees were released from the Cyprus detention camps as the ending of the emergency was put into effect. Greek Cypriots jubilantly welcomed released detainees. A number of lesser offenders were later also released, and on February 27 Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, announced amnesty terms for those convicted, awaiting trial or wanted in connection with Eoka

activities. Dr. Kutchuk received a warm welcome from members of his community on returning to Cyprus from London, and the funeral of those who died in the tragic air crash at Gatwick—including distinguished Turkish representatives—took place in Ankara. The London Agreement on Cyprus was approved by the Greek Parliament only after a long debate, in which there was a small outbreak of violence between Government and Opposition deputies. The Cyprus settlement was published as a White Paper on Feb. 23.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



OFF NEWFOUNDLAND. INVESTIGATING BREAKS IN TRANSATLANTIC CABLES: A U.S. NAVAL PICKET, FOREGROUND, AND A RUSSIAN TRAWLER.

A party from a U.S. naval picket recently boarded the *Novorossirsk*, a Russian trawler, in accordance with a treaty to which Russia and U.S.A. are parties, to investigate breaks in five cables. "No indications of intentions other than fishing" were found on the trawler.



FRANCE. THE NEW N.A.T.O. HEADQUARTERS' BUILDING AT THE PORTE DAUPHINE, ON THE EDGE OF THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS, WHICH IS SCHEDULED TO BE COMPLETED IN OCTOBER. THE HEADQUARTERS ARE AT PRESENT AT THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT.



NOVA SCOTIA. THE FLIGHT OF A REPLICA OF THE SILVER DART COMMEMORATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF J. McCURDY'S HISTORIC FLIGHT.

On February 23, at Baddeck, the fiftieth anniversary of John A. D. McCurdy's flight in the *Silver Dart*—claimed as the first powered flight in the British Empire (outside Britain)—was celebrated when a flight was made in a R.C.A.F.-built replica.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THE X-15 HIGH-ALTITUDE EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET AIRCRAFT FIXED TO THE WING OF A B-52 BOMBER BEFORE TESTS.

In the photograph the X-15 is seen in position under the wing of a B-52, by which it was to be carried recently on a flight to test the attachment joining the two aircraft. The X-15, designed to fly into space, was expected to make its first flight recently.



JAPAN. A DOUGLAS C-133A—A GIANT NEW LONG-RANGE MILITARY TRANSPORT—PHOTOGRAPHED AT AN AIR BASE IN JAPAN RECENTLY.

The Douglas C-133A *Cargomaster* is a recent addition to United States long-range military transports. Powered by four Pratt and Whitney turboprop engines, it weighs 111,715 lb. unloaded, and 255,000 lb. loaded, and can carry payloads equivalent to twice the normal cargo capacity of the *Globemaster II*.

(Flight.) STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. AN ELEGANT GREETING FROM A PRINCESS FOR MRS. INGRID GARDE AT A RECENT ROYAL DINNER GIVEN AT THE PALACE IN STOCKHOLM.

Elegant and charming in their evening dresses, two of the granddaughters of the Swedish King Gustav VI Adolf are seen with Mrs. Ingrid Garde, who is a lawyer and an M.P. On the left is Princess Désirée, and in the centre Princess Birgitta. The occasion was a dinner given at the Royal Palace in Stockholm. The Princesses have an elder sister, Princess Margaretha, and a younger brother, Prince Carl Gustaf, who is heir apparent. Their father died in 1947.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



MALAYA. THE NEW RULER OF KEDAH BEING INVESTED WITH INSIGNIA OF OFFICE, BEFORE HIS INSTALLATION, BY THE FEDERATION HEAD OF STATE.
H.M. Tuanku Abdul Rahman, the Supreme Head of State of the Federation of Malaya, and the new Sultan of the State of Kedah—succeeding his father, who died recently—were present at this ceremony on February 19 in the State capital, Alor Star.



MALAYA. THREE SCHOOLGIRLS—MALAY, CHINESE AND INDIAN—PRESENT THE SULTANA OF KEDAH WITH A TIARA ON THE EVE OF THE NEW SULTAN'S INSTALLATION.

(Right.)

CHINA. THE WELL-PRESERVED CORPSE AND PERSONAL EFFECTS OF A WARRIOR, WHO DIED PROBABLY 600 YEARS AGO, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN NORTH-WEST CHINA.

This discovery was made recently in the large Tsaidam Basin in Chinghai Province during the course of oil prospecting. (In recent years the Tsaidam Basin has become one of China's important oil-producing regions.) The warrior is believed to have lived during the Yuan Dynasty, about 600 to 700 years ago. The corpse was excavated from a small earth mound, was wrapped in a woollen blanket and clad in a fur coat with light armour fixtures. He was also wearing a fur hat with a red feather. Beside him lay a horse's tail, a saddle, a bow made of horn, and eleven arrows whose delicately-shaped arrow-heads were still sharp. The climate of the region—hot and dry in summer, intensely cold in winter—probably accounted for the good state of preservation. On the neck, there was a wound and a silk bandage. The warrior may have been Mongolian.



NEPAL. THE FIRST GENERAL ELECTION IN THE KINGDOM OF NEPAL: WOMEN QUEUING UP TO VOTE IN A SETTLEMENT IN THE KATMANDU VALLEY.
Voting in Nepal's first General Election took place recently, polling taking place in Katmandu, the capital, on February 18 and afterwards in smaller towns and rural areas. The King proclaimed a constitutional monarchy in 1951, and a new constitution was promulgated earlier in February.



BRUNEI, NORTH BORNEO. THE NEW OMAR ALI SAIFUDDIN MOSQUE ILLUMINATED BY A SPECIALLY DESIGNED G.E.C. LIGHTING SYSTEM.
A specially designed General Electric Co. Ltd. lighting system—on a grand scale by South-East Asian standards—has been installed at the new Omar Ali Saifuddin Mosque at Brunei, which also has a G.E.C. sound distribution system. The mosque, named after the Sultan of Brunei, is built on land reclaimed from the river and is surrounded by an artificial lagoon.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ROME. RIOT POLICE CHARGE STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING IN FAVOUR OF A STRONG GOVERNMENT POLICY TOWARDS THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN PROBLEM IN SOUTH TIROL. The Austrian Government may bring before the United Nations the question of the interests of the German-speaking population of Italian South Tirol. Recently Italy refused two Austrian politicians permission to enter the district. Students have called for a strong Government policy.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. AS A RESULT OF A BOYCOTT BY THE WHITE POPULATION, NEGRO CHILDREN SIT ALONE IN THEIR CLASSROOM AT FRONT ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL. This high school in Virginia reopened recently as an integrated school following a Federal Court order. Previously an all-white school, it had been closed for five months in the racial dispute. A boycott kept all white students away, and twenty-six of the staff have resigned.



STOCKHOLM. A REST HOME FOR FROZEN SWANS: IN RECENT BITTER WEATHER HUNDREDS OF SWANS WHO REGULARLY GATHER IN STOCKHOLM HARBOUR WOKE UP ONE MORNING TO FIND THEMSELVES FIRMLY WEDGED IN THE ICE.



BAVARIA, GERMANY. SKI-ING MADE EASY BY "SKI PONY": THIS LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO WINTER SPORTS IS BEING TRIED OUT NEAR GARMISCH. WITH A 5½-HORSE-POWER MOTOR IT IS CAPABLE OF SPEEDS OF UP TO 30 M.P.H. CONSTRUCTED BY JOSEF NICKLAS OF OBERAMMERGAU, BAVARIA, IT WILL COST ABOUT £90 WHEN IT EVENTUALLY GOES INTO PRODUCTION. THE PROBLEM IS, WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU LEAVE GO?



PARIS. AT A GRAND RECEPTION GIVEN BY PRESIDENT AND MME. DE GAULLE AT THE ELYSEE PALACE, THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY WATCH A PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE. The French President and Mme. de Gaulle recently gave a Grand Reception to members of the *Corps Diplomatique*; the first of its kind to be held by de Gaulle since becoming President. He is seen with Mme. Debré, wife of the Prime Minister (on his left), and Mme. de Gaulle (on his right).



ATHENS. THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF KING PAUL OF GREECE ARRIVING TO ATTEND THE DEBATE ON CYPRUS HELD IN THE GREEK PARLIAMENT ON FEBRUARY 23. ON THE LEFT IS PRINCESS SOPHIA; AND ON THE RIGHT PRINCESS IRENE.

SMUGGLING DOWN THE AGES.

"CONTRABAND CARGOES: SEVEN CENTURIES OF SMUGGLING." By NEVILLE WILLIAMS.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THERE can be few people who have not at some time smuggled something in or out of some country. The main difference between smuggling to-day and smuggling in the past is that now the law is less blatantly broken, though whether this is due to a rise in public morality, or to the fact that the risk of detection is greater, is a moot point. In 1790, for instance, Byng noted in his diary while at Aylesford, in Kent, "We saw, whilst at dinner, a gang of well-mounted smugglers pass by: how often have I wished to be able to purchase a horse from their excellent stables." The modern smuggler may well drive into the West End from London Airport in a Rolls or a Cadillac, but he takes care not to call undue attention to himself.

Mr. Williams begins his fascinating work by saying that "down to the middle of the nineteenth century we were not so much a nation of seafarers and shopkeepers as a nation of smugglers," and he ends with the observation, "There is little likelihood of smuggling being eradicated. . . . It is quite possible that before the twentieth century ends inter-planetary smuggling will have become the greatest problem." Between these two statements there are nearly 300 pages of erudite and most readable writing on every aspect of the subject from the Middle Ages down to the present day, that is to say from those whose interest was wool to those whose interest is watches.

The two main advantages which the smuggler of old had over his modern counterpart were the difficulty of communications and the absence of anything in the nature of an effective police force. On the first of these points the author is rightly emphatic:

It is all too easy to overestimate the power of the Central Government in Tudor England. The further the port was from Westminster the more difficult for the Government to control its trade. Merchants of the coastal towns were jealous of running their own affairs, and the Queen had no wish to alienate their sympathies by unnecessary interference. From Berwick round to Carlisle the ports always rallied round in a national emergency, providing ships and men for the Scottish war, to meet the Armada or to sail in the Portugal expedition. It was because the Government knew it could—and had to—rely on them in an emergency that it tended to let sleeping dogs lie for as long as possible.

Governments in the past might be authoritarian in principle, but they could not exercise the remote control even of their democratic successors to-day.

Then, until the coming of the Coastguards in 1831, the smugglers had it largely their own way, for they were nearly always superior in numbers to the supporters of law and order unless these latter were accompanied by troops, and they generally had public opinion on their side. For example, in September 1747, one John Diamond agreed with a number of smugglers to bring in a quantity of tea from Guernsey, but on their return their boat was captured by Captain William Johnson, who took the vessel to Poole, where he lodged the tea in the Custom House. In due course the building was attacked by a party of smugglers some forty strong, armed with pistols, blunderbusses, and swords, who proceeded to force their way in, and carry off the tea to the weight of 2 tons. Nor did the matter end there, for shortly afterwards they waylaid and then murdered with the utmost cruelty a man whom they suspected of being an informer, as well as an Excise-man who was with him. This time the authorities did bestir

themselves, for seven smugglers were convicted and executed for the murder, and four others, of whom three were hanged, were convicted of complicity in the attack upon the Custom House at Poole. This affray was typical of many during the eighteenth century, and there can be little doubt but that by their constant outrages the gangs in the long run forfeited a great deal of popular sympathy.

Politics, too, played their part, especially after the Revolution of 1688. The smugglers were the natural enemies of the Government so it was only natural that they should look with a kindly eye upon the Jacobites, who were also hostile to it, though on somewhat more ideological grounds. The emissaries of the Stuarts could always count upon the assistance of the smugglers to facilitate their visits to or from the Continent, and some

powder, shot and muskets went from Bristol to Spain in 1587.

Even senior Civil Servants were by no means averse from a flutter in smuggled goods—among them was Pepys. One Sunday morning at Gravesend in 1665 "one of our watermen told us he had heard of a bargain of cloves for us, and we went to a blind alehouse at the further end of the town, to a couple of wretched, dirty seamen, who, poor wretches, had got together about 37 lb. of cloves, and 10 lb. of nutmegs." The Secretary to the Navy then proceeded to strike a bargain with the men, whom he paid in gold: in his diary he somewhat sententiously observes that "it would never have been allowed by my conscience to have wronged the poor wretches who told us how dangerously they had got some, and dearly paid for the rest of these goods."

During the course of his narrative Mr. Williams introduces us to a number of individual smugglers, quite apart from the gangs of thugs who beat up Excise-men and terrorised the countryside. One of them was a lady of the attractive name of Petite Gerderoic who in 1410 was caught trying to take out of the country twenty-one gold rings, a tablet of gold, other jewellery, and two fine devotional books with bindings encrusted with coral. She shakes hands across the centuries with the reverend gentleman who in November 1957, smuggled 780 watches through the Customs, only, however, to be arrested outside Victoria Station before he had time to pass the contraband over to "a bearded man in a bar." He was, incidentally, not the only cleric to break the law in this way for the author quotes a story to the effect that Thomas Cranmer, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, smuggled his wife into Ipswich in a herring barrel as he wished to give Henry VIII the impression that he was celibate.

Diplomatic immunity has also on occasion been stretched so far as to cover a multitude of sins. In the summer of 1957 the ambassador of El Salvador to Great Britain was discovered to have taken a suitcase through the Customs at London Airport for two Russian-born brothers, and when it was searched after it had left the ambassador's flat it was found to contain watches and cultured pearls to the value of £25,647, as well as a list of names of members of the *corps diplomatique* in London who might be interested

in the goods. When the Gordon Riots took place in 1780, and the mob broke into the chapel of the Bavarian minister, "as he is a prince of smugglers, great quantities of run tea and contraband goods were found." In the 'twenties and 'thirties of last century the French Embassy had a particularly bad reputation in this connection.

To-day, we are told, "diamonds are a smuggler's best friend," and some very ingenious methods are, and have been, used to evade the Customs. One of the cleverest quoted in this book concerns a Dutch girl, who, having lost an eye in a motoring accident, used the cavity behind her glass one for secreting contraband. Behind all these operations there is, according to Mr. Williams, the dominating figure of a "Monsieur Diamant" himself, a veritable Professor Moriarty, "the biggest crook in Europe, if not in the world—not only big, but completely successful." Truly an intriguing book.



MR. NEVILLE WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Neville Williams was born in Norfolk in 1924. After wartime service in the Royal Navy he read Modern History at Oxford and afterwards studied the development of English trade in the sixteenth century. Since 1950 he has been Assistant Keeper at the Public Record Office, London. He has also written a book, "Powder and Paint," about women's toilet.



AN OPENED BOOK SHOWING HEROIN CONCEALED IN ITS PAGES. AN EXAMPLE OF THE CUNNING METHODS USED BY SMUGGLERS, WITH WHICH CUSTOMS OFFICIALS ARE CONSTANTLY HAVING TO DEAL.



SOLES AND HEELS OF SHOES ARE FAVOURITE HIDING-PLACES FOR DRUGS AND JEWELS. MR. NEVILLE WILLIAMS' BOOK ON SMUGGLING, "CONTRABAND CARGOES," IS REVIEWED HERE BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE.



GOLD BARS FOUND AT NEW YORK IN THE BODYWORK OF A CAR TAKEN OFF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH IN 1951. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK "CONTRABAND CARGOES." Illustrations reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd.

very distinguished people crossed the Channel by this means: in 1696 no less a person than the Duke of Berwick, later a Marshal of France, made the journey both ways in an owl, as the smuggling luggers were called.

Connivance on the part of the authorities themselves was widespread for several centuries, and the Englishman of Elizabethan days had apparently no qualms about trading with the enemy:

In the West Country there was a lively trade in foodstuffs with Spain throughout the long war. For the Spanish fleet, Somerset butter and Cornish pilchards relieved the monotony of ship's biscuit. . . .

Some (guns) were even shipped from the Cinque Ports direct to Spain after war had been declared. One Sussex ironmaster sold Philip II a hundred pieces of cannon. Bristol merchants, too, sent out guns made in foundries in the Forest of Dean. As many as nine shiploads of culverins—the light-shotted, long-range guns which the Spanish Admiral needed so badly—as well as

* "Contraband Cargoes: Seven Centuries of Smuggling." By Neville Williams. Illustrated. (Longmans; 25s.)

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

III. THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

THE planetary system consists in the first instance of the nine major planets with their attendant satellites, thirty-one of which are now known. The motion of the planets is dominated by the sun, which contains over 700 times their combined mass.

The planets themselves fall naturally into two groups in the matter of size, density, position, and rotation speeds. The inner terrestrial group, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, are small planets of fairly high density (of about 4 to 5 gm. per c.c.), and rotation periods of a day or longer. Their total mass is less than 1 per cent. of that of Jupiter alone. The outer great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are of lower density (of about 1 gm. per c.c.), short rotation periods (of the order of half a day), and they are tens and hundreds of times as massive as the terrestrial planets. Finally there is the much smaller Pluto at the limits of the system, more like a terrestrial planet in both mass and size.

With certain mild exceptions, all the planets may be said to move more or less in a common plane in nearly circular paths, and in the same general direction round the sun. But because of the great age of the system—at least 4,500,000,000 years—it is not possible to be sure whether these features have always existed, or instead simply represent the state to which it has gradually moved through perhaps combined dynamical and dissipative effects. It is not possible to work out the motions of the planets backwards in time for more than a few million years, so even if there were not other difficulties such as the effect of interplanetary gas, dust, and meteorites, we can derive no clear knowledge of the early state from the present one.

We cannot even be sure how the speeds and axes of rotation of the planets are to be interpreted. Venus, for instance, which very closely resembles the Earth in both mass and size, has long been thought to rotate extremely slowly in a matter of weeks. Reliable observations are extremely difficult because the surface is almost always hidden by clouds. As it seems certain that our moon through its tidal action has continually slowed the Earth's rotation down and yet it still rotates in 24 hours, it remains a puzzle what has slowed Venus. The suggestion that Mercury may formerly have been a satellite of Venus is plausible, for being three times as massive as the moon it would raise greater tides on Venus and cause the system to evolve more rapidly than the Earth-moon system. As the planet is slowed in rotation, so the satellite is driven further away to compensate, and if this proceeds far enough the satellite orbit becomes unstable and the body lost from the planet to become itself an independent planet moving round the sun. It is conceivable that the present high eccentricity (1/5) and inclination (7°) of the orbit of Mercury are relics of a much more eccentric orbit that passed close to that of Venus at the time. Almost all other planetary orbits have eccentricities of about 1/20 and inclinations of 1 or 2 degrees. Quite recently it has been claimed that radio measurements of Venus indicate a rotation period of about a day, but these have not yet been confirmed.

Mercury, by the way, largely because of the eccentric orbit, played an important part in testing the theory of general relativity. With Newton's law of gravitation the ellipse in which a planet moves should remain quite fixed, but with Einstein's amended law there is a minute additional effect depending on the inverse fourth power of the distance. This causes the ellipse to rotate very slowly and the more elongated an ellipse is, the easier this "advance of perihelion," as it is termed, is to detect. In fact it had long been known that Mercury's orbit showed just such an advance of 43 seconds of arc per century. All sorts of suggestions had been made as to the cause but none could be thought of that did not introduce other effects, not in fact observed. But Einstein's theory gave a value within 0.1 without introducing other unobserved effects. Only recently have the corresponding comparisons for Venus

and the Earth been made, and these also confirm the relativity predictions.

At the outer limit of the system, it is doubtful if Pluto is to be ranked as a genuine planet at all, for its orbit is not only inclined at over 17° to the general plane but its path is so eccentric that it crosses inside that of Neptune. This curious feature has raised the possibility that it may be an escaped satellite of Neptune, and this receives support when taken in conjunction with the fact that Neptune's larger satellite, Triton, actually circles the planet in the retrograde direction. It can be shown that if Neptune formerly had two direct moons, Triton and Pluto, whose paths became close as a result of tidal friction, then the same encounter between them that ejected Pluto altogether could have reversed the motion of Triton round the planet.

All this was pointed out more than twenty years ago, but the whole idea has recently received further strong support from measures of the rotation period of Pluto at several U.S. observatories. Small regular changes in the observed brightness are attributed to unequal reflecting power of the planet at different aspects, and a rotation period of 6.4 days has been inferred. Now a planet such as Pluto, without a satellite and situated at



A PHOTOGRAPH OF JUPITER, SHOWING THE DISTINCTIVE GREAT RED SPOT, THE SATELLITE GANYMEDE (UPPER RIGHT) AND ITS SHADOW (UPPER LEFT).

great distance from the sun, would not be subject to any important tidal evolution affecting its rotation, and therefore like other planets would be expected to have a rotation period of less than a day. But if Pluto were ever a satellite of Neptune and strongly affected by tidal action, as the hypothesis requires anyway to bring it near Triton, it would come to present always the same face towards its primary, as our own moon does, and hence have a rotation period exactly equal to its orbital period. The present orbital period of Triton is just under six days, and so if Pluto were originally a satellite moving at much the same distance as Triton now does, it would be expected to have just such a rotation period as the recent measurements imply.

In explaining the origin of the solar system, there is the possibility that only the four really large planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, need be regarded as primitive. If a condensation slowly formed from interplanetary material to give a large planet at somewhere near Jupiter's present distance from the sun, the resulting body would rotate in a few hours because of the indestructible rotational momentum of the material drawn into it. With increasing size, its power to draw in material would increase, and its resulting speed of rotation would do so too, and eventually could render it unstable as a single mass because of centrifugal force. It can only get out of this embarrassing condition by breaking into two very unequal pieces (mass ratio about 10:1), with the smaller one thrown completely away from the larger portion, to be identified with the present Jupiter. At the surface of Jupiter, the escape speed is even now about 40 miles a second, whereas the escape speed from the sun at this distance is only about 12 miles a second. So the smaller piece could easily be thrown right out of the solar system. The same process of

break-up would produce a string of droplets between the two main pieces as they separated, and it is even possible that the whole of the terrestrial group of planets and Jupiter's four great satellites were produced in this way as the "droplets." We have seen that their combined mass is less than 1 per cent. that of Jupiter. It may be significant that our moon is almost identical in mass and size with the four Galilean satellites of Jupiter. The resulting paths of the terrestrial planets would not, of course, be circular, but there would still be thousands of millions of years for rounding-up processes to bring them to their present forms.

The solar system abounds with curiosities that may require special explanation rather than be fitted in to any necessary evolutionary scheme. Of such features, Saturn's beautiful ring system is one of the most intriguing. It has long been conjectured that it represents the remains of a former satellite, this time gradually drawn in towards the planet by tidal friction to a distance where it becomes unstable and breaks up. But its extreme thinness—it disappears when viewed exactly edge-on—suggests that it must be composed of the tiniest particles, and this raises the possibility that it may have resulted from a comet captured by the planet. At all events, the ring must be gradually dissipating away through internal collisions of its particles and any other dissipative effects, and it cannot be regarded as having originated at the same time as the planet itself.

Yet another peculiarity is the direction of the rotation axis of Uranus, which lies over at 98° to the upright (that is, to the perpendicular to the general plane of the solar system), so that it is rather like a spinning top lying on its side. This has long been regarded as one of the greatest mysteries of the solar system, since all the other planets have rotation axes pretty well upright. The only explanation so far suggested is that the present planet resulted from the coalescence of two (or more) large planets encountering each other in such a way that their relative orbital rotational momentum was largely retrograde. Two bodies uniting through a grazing collision (not a head-on one) will produce a body rotating in a sense determined by their relative motion beforehand. This could give a rotation about any axis, and when added to the original rotations, even if these were both upright, could result in a final rotation about any odd direction.

A subsequent break-up of the primitive Uranus so formed would be needed to produce its satellites, but would not alter the direction of its axis of rotation. The four large satellites and a recently discovered small faint one (Miranda) move exactly in the plane of the equator of Uranus, and so have their orbital planes almost at right-angles to the general plane of the solar system.

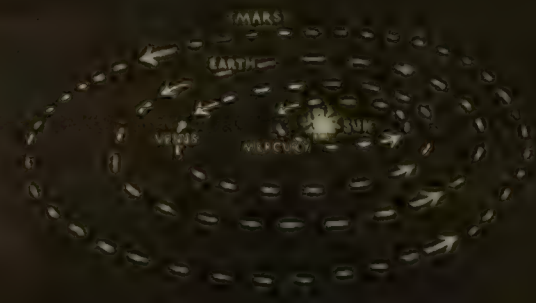
We have not yet mentioned the host of minor planets or asteroids which, as far as observable ones are concerned, all circle the sun in the same general direction as the planets, and apart from a very few are confined between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. About 2000 have so far been found, though it is estimated from the rate of discovery that 30,000 must be observable. Not surprisingly, what has proved the largest, Ceres, was the first to be discovered. It is 240 miles in radius and weighs about 1/10,000 of the whole Earth. The combined mass of the asteroids, discovered and undiscovered, cannot exceed 1/1000 that of the Earth, and over short periods of time fortunately have negligible dynamical effect, for otherwise prediction of planetary motions would be rendered even more difficult than it is.

There is every possibility of collisions occurring from time to time between asteroids, just as between planets and asteroids; indeed, mass for mass greater probability, because the asteroidal material is more divided up and so provides greater cross-sectional area for collision. Any such impact will have all the violence of a meteorite landing on the moon, for instance, and so a vast explosion will occur. But with this difference, that the gravitational restraining power of a small asteroid is so negligible that the fragments so produced would almost all be scattered out into space as new independent asteroids. There can be little doubt that this is how all the innumerable tiny meteorites have been formed. The ones that land on Earth have obviously at one time been part of a larger heated body. Even the smallest observed ones, which have been a mile or so in size, are of quite irregular shapes. [Continued opposite.

PATHS OF THE FOUR INNER PLANETS

TIME TAKEN TO GO
ROUND THE SUN

MARS 687 DAYS
EARTH 365 "
VENUS 225 "
MERCURY 88 "



MERCURY MARS VENUS EARTH

THE INNER AND OUTER PLANETS
ALL DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE

PATHS OF THE GREAT OUTER PLANETS

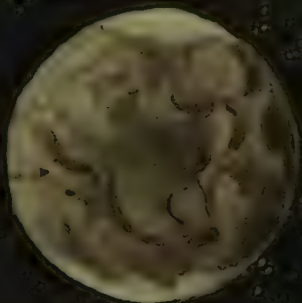
TIME TAKEN TO GO
ROUND THE SUN

PLUTO 248 YEARS
NEPTUNE 164 "
URANUS 84 "
SATURN 29 "
JUPITER 11 "



MARS

MARS HAS A DIAMETER OF 4,220 MILES AND HAS VISIBLE ICE CAPS AT THE POLES AND AN ATMOSPHERE. THE MARKINGS ON THE SURFACE CHANGE WITH ITS SEASONS.



CLOSEST DISTANCE TO THE EARTH 34,500,000 MILES

VENUS

THE BRIGHTEST PLANET IN THE SKY. IT IS A SOLID PLANET ALMOST AS DENSE AS THE EARTH.



VENUS HAS A DIAMETER OF 7,700 MILES AND IS ALWAYS ENSHROUDED IN CLOUD, SO THAT ITS SURFACE IS NEVER VISIBLE.

CLOSEST DISTANCE TO THE EARTH 26,000,000 MILES

OUR NEIGHBOURS IN SPACE AND THEIR MYSTERIES

JUPITER

JUPITER HAS A DIAMETER OF ABOUT 86,000 MILES AND MEAN DENSITY OF 1.33. JUPITER HAS A DEEP ATMOSPHERE OF METHANE AND AMMONIA. A MYSTERIOUS LARGE RED SPOT IS A VISIBLE FEATURE.



DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH WHEN CLOSEST 360,000,000 MILES

SATURN

SATURN HAS A DIAMETER OF 80,000 MILES. ITS DENSITY IS LIGHTER THAN THAT OF WATER. ITS MYSTERIOUS RING, THOUSANDS OF MILES WIDE, IS A FEATURE OF THIS PLANET.



CLOSEST DISTANCE TO THE EARTH 744,000,000 MILES

MERCURY

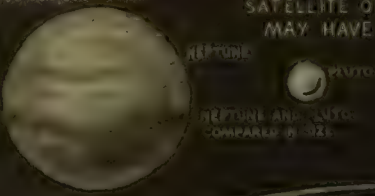
MERCURY IS A SMALL PLANET, 3,100 MILES IN DIAMETER. IT ROTATES ROUND THE SUN IN 88 DAYS AND ALWAYS PRESENTS THE SAME SIDE TO THE SUN SO THAT IT HAS A REGION OF INTENSE HEAT AND HALF OF IT IS IN CONSTANT DARKNESS AND VERY COLD.



CLOSEST DISTANCE TO THE EARTH 50,000,000 MILES

CLOSEST DISTANCE TO THE EARTH 2,700,000,000 MILES

HOW THE PLANET PLUTO WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN A SATELLITE OF NEPTUNE A VAST PERIOD OF TIME AGO, MAY HAVE EVENTUALLY ESCAPED.



NEPTUNE
PLUTO
NEPTUNE AND PLUTO COMPARED IN SIZE



PLUTO ACCELERATED TO SUFFICIENT SPEED TO ALLOW IT TO ESCAPE AND BECOME AN INDEPENDENT PLANET

ORBIT OF PLUTO AS A SATELLITE

NEPTUNE

POINT OF POSSIBLE ENCOUNTER

FORMER DIRECT PATH OF TRITON

TRITON

PRESENT RETROGRADE PATH OF TRITON
THE PRESENT SATELLITE TRITON NOW MOVES ROUND NEPTUNE IN OPPOSITE WAY FROM THE PLANET'S ROTATION. THIS MAY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY AN ENCOUNTER WITH PLUTO MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO WHICH EJECTED PLUTO FROM THE SYSTEM.

LEAST DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH 1,700,000,000 MILES

THE CURIOUS AXIS OF THE PLANET URANUS.



URANUS AND THE EARTH COMPARED IN SIZE

EARTH

THE PUZZLING FEATURE OF URANUS IS ITS AXIS OF ROTATION WHICH LIES ALMOST IN THE ORBITAL PLANE



AXIS OF ROTATION

ORBITAL PLANE

THE FOUR MAIN MOONS OF URANUS COMPARED WITH OUR OWN. A FIFTH, THE SATELLITE MIRANDA, HAS RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED.



POLE

LINE OF ORBITAL PLANE

URANUS GOES ROUND SUN IN 84 YEARS

SUN

POLE

LINE OF EQUINOX

POLE

POLE

POLE

THE PLANETARY SYSTEM: DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING THIS WEEK'S ARTICLE ON THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE.

Continued.] Asteroids, as well as being given a formal number, can be named by their discoverers or others interested. For example, the asteroid now used for determining the sun's distance from the Earth is in full 433 Eros. But this naming has so exhausted classical names that not only have cities, colleges and friends been pressed into use, but even the names of ocean steamers, pet-dogs, and favourite desserts! The known asteroids as a class have orbits rather more eccentric and inclined than do the major planets themselves.

A few have paths that actually cross inside the Earth's orbit, so that sooner or later a collision could occur because the orbit gradually slews round. For instance, Hermes came within less than 500,000 miles of the Earth in 1937. Tiny as they are by astronomical standards, they nevertheless weigh several thousand million tons, and so a collision could produce world-wide devastation. Fortunately, the odds against are now very, very great, or we would not be here!

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



OF all parlour plants the clivias are, surely, among the most attractive and satisfactory. By parlour plants I mean, of course, the gallant band of species which are content to live and flourish, permanently, in our living-rooms. The gallant old aspidistra is, of course, the doyen of the race. How strange it would be to meet aspidistras at

CLIVIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

carried out the work, making two strong specimens which are now busy pushing up flower-heads, and I was glad to be able to persuade the operator to carry off one or two offsets by way of professional fee.

Nothing could be easier to grow than a clivia. "The Books" say give plenty of water at flowering time, and very little at other times—enough to keep the soil just moist, but no more. The broad, strap-shaped leaves are great collectors of dust, and scale-insect, but fortunately both are easy to deal with. Dust may be wiped away with a damp sponge, or the plant may be stood in the open for an hour or two to enjoy a steady down-pour of rain. The scale-insect—those little pale brown horrors which stick to the leaves like minute limpets—may be wipped off with a pocket-widger, a thumbnail or match-stalk.

I find that my clivias set heads of seeds each year. The seed capsules are roundish and about the size of acorns, and starting green, they eventually change to red, and contain hard yellow seeds about the size of mustard seeds. They take a year to ripen from flowering time. I have a couple of seedling clivias from home-saved seeds which I sowed four years ago, and they look as though they might take another couple of years to reach flowering strength. A slow business. They sit on a window-sill facing east. It is probable that with the comfort of life in a good greenhouse, seedling clivias could be persuaded to flower in less time than that. Apparently the clivia is a plant which refuses to be hurried. I remember the seeds took an unconscionable time a-germinating. Months and months.

But that was in an unheated greenhouse. Doubtless a little bottom heat would have hastened things. I am thinking of trying a small specimen of this clivia planted out in a border at the foot of the wall of my lean-to unheated greenhouse—facing south. If it will stand up to the Cotswold winter cold in that position, it will be worthwhile

extending the experiment purely for the sake of the cut flowers that could be harvested.

I wish I knew the correct botanical name of that very pleasant and interesting little fruit, the lichee, or is it lychee, and is it all one word or two separate syllables? I have tried to look it up in likely books of reference, and under sundry variants of spelling, and can find nothing about it. The fruit is not at all common in the shops, but it makes such a pleasant change that I always buy a pound of it at sight.

I first ate them many years ago, and then the fruit was dried, and rather like a sultana with one big stone in the centre. Recently I have found them in one particular fruit shop in Cheltenham, and fortunately they are fresh and juicy. It is a curious fruit, with a thin, brittle shell, rough textured and reddish brown. The fruit inside is like a perfectly round peeled grape, pale green, juicy, and with a large hard stone in the centre.

Where the lychee comes from I do not know. The name suggests Chinese origin. I have failed to trace it in the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening, nor can I find it in "Willis." It would



LYCHEES—"THAT VERY PLEASANT AND INTERESTING LITTLE FRUIT"—WITH ITS CHESTNUT-COLOURED HUSK AND PALE GREY-GREEN GRAPE-LIKE FLESH.

For the benefit of our readers—and Mr. Elliott—the lychee, or litchi, is (botanically) *Nephelium litchi*, a small tree which is a native of Southern China and a member of the Sapindaceæ or Soapberry family.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

home, so to speak, growing wild in their native woods in Japan. I can imagine its giving one a nostalgic feeling of being in "digs" once again.

I gather that there are only three species of clivia, but from these three, and especially from *C. miniata*, innumerable hybrids have been raised. Many will remember the superb exhibits of clivias at the R.H.S. shows in London which were put up by the late Lionel de Rothschild in pre-war days. Tremendously vigorous specimens in big pots, with magnificent trusses of blossom ranging from rich orange-red to sulphur-yellow. I never heard what happened to that unique collection when it was dispersed at the beginning of the war, but can only hope that some, at any rate, of the finer varieties have survived and are still in cultivation.

About a dozen or so years ago I was given—from a private garden—a small plant of an exceptionally fine variety of clivia, which produces handsome flower trusses of a rich, warm orange. This has done uncommonly well as a room plant, living always either on a north- or east-facing window-sill. A year or two ago this specimen had become so pot-bound that I decided it was time that it was split up and re-potted. This promised to be a major operation, and in this I was fortunate. A neighbour, an extremely skilled head gardener, came and



ONE OF THE PARENTS OF MOST OF THE FINEST CLIVIAS NOW IN CULTIVATION: *CLIVIA MINIATA*, FROM WHICH INNUMERABLE HYBRIDS HAVE BEEN RAISED.

Photograph by H. Smith.

be interesting to know its country of origin, and what sort of tree it grows on. Meanwhile, true to my habit of pip-planting, I have sown half a dozen lychee stones in a pot, so that at least I may know—I hope—what its leaves look like.

I never cease to marvel at the hardihood of that brilliant little bulbous iris, *I. histrioides major*, in blazing into flower at this time of year, and in this weather. What strange urge impels it to do this thing? and the same wonder applies to snowdrops. The iris is out in one corner of the garden, about 4 ins. high, with blossoms as big as Spanish iris, but of an intensely brilliant blue, with a rich gold crest. I just can not imagine why they do it. But then there's no accounting for tastes.

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SOME PEAKS IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY. ON THE LEFT IS THE MONCH (13,468 FT.), AND IN THE CENTRE THE JUNGFRAU (13,669 FT.).



THE SUNLESS NORTH FACE OF THE FATEFUL EIGER (13,040 FT.), ON WHOSE TREACHEROUS SLOPES SEVENTEEN PEOPLE HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES : PHOTOGRAPHED BY LORD MONTGOMERY.

WITH FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY OVER SWITZERLAND: ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON AN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE.

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein has just returned from a holiday in Switzerland. The Field Marshal is proud of being an Honorary Press Photographer Extraordinary (a title awarded him by the Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd. and the Institute of British Photographers). He carried out an aerial photographic reconnaissance of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau,

and obtained these fine pictures. Flying at 150 m.p.h. in a Swiss Air Force *Twin-Bonanza*, he used a Rolleiflex camera with a fast Kodak film, and took them in mid-afternoon at heights of between 11,000 ft. and 12,000 ft. Of the Eiger Lord Montgomery writes "Evil engulfs the north face. . . . Seventeen men have lost their lives in trying to climb it."



AT THE FESTIVAL HALL: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MUSICIANS AND SINGERS WHEN THE LONDON JUNIOR AND SENIOR ORCHESTRAS RECENTLY HONOURED THEIR FOUNDER.

Mr. Ernest Read (seen in the centre of the photograph) has long been noted as an inspired teacher of music, and on February 23 the London Junior and Senior Orchestras, which he founded, presented an 80th Birthday Concert in his honour at the Royal Festival Hall. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Read, was composed almost entirely of past members of his two student orchestras who have now reached eminent positions in their profession, and

among the audience were many others who have benefited from Mr. Read's teaching. The large Special Choir was Mr. Read's own Choir, which was founded during the War. The programme opened appropriately with Purcell's Birthday Ode, "Come ye Sons of Art," in which the solos were sung by Margaret Ritchie, Janet Baker and Gordon Clinton. This was followed by Brahms' Concerto in A minor for Violin, Violoncello and Orchestra, in which there was

some distinguished playing by the violinist Ralph Holmes and the 'cellist Rohan de Saram, both gifted young performers. The programme also included Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell (The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra) by Benjamin Britten, Vaughan Williams' "Toward the Unknown Region," for Chorus and Orchestra, and Beethoven's Overture, "Leonore, No. 3." Mr. Read, who was appointed C.B.E. in 1956, was—with Sir Robert

Mayer—a pioneer in organising children's concerts. The London Junior and Senior Orchestras, in which large numbers of amateurs as well as distinguished professional musicians have played, were also among the first organisations of their kind when they were founded by Mr. Read in the nineteen-twenties. Following the concert in the Festival Hall, a London County Council Reception was given in Mr. Read's honour.

Specially photographed for "The Illustrated London News" by Houston Rogers.

BLOW-PIPE ANÆSTHETICS; OR THE KINDEST WAY TO CAPTURE AN IGUANA.



CAPTURING AN IGUANA BY ANÆSTHESIA: MR. ROSS ALLEN AIMING HIS BLOW-PIPE.



TWO DARTS HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN THE IGUANA, WHICH IS MOMENTARILY PARALYSED.



THE PARALYSED IGUANA CAN BE PICKED OFF THE BRANCH WITHOUT DIFFICULTY OR DAMAGE.



THE DARTS ARE EXTRACTED AND THE TINY WOUNDS ARE DABBED WITH A HEALING OINTMENT.



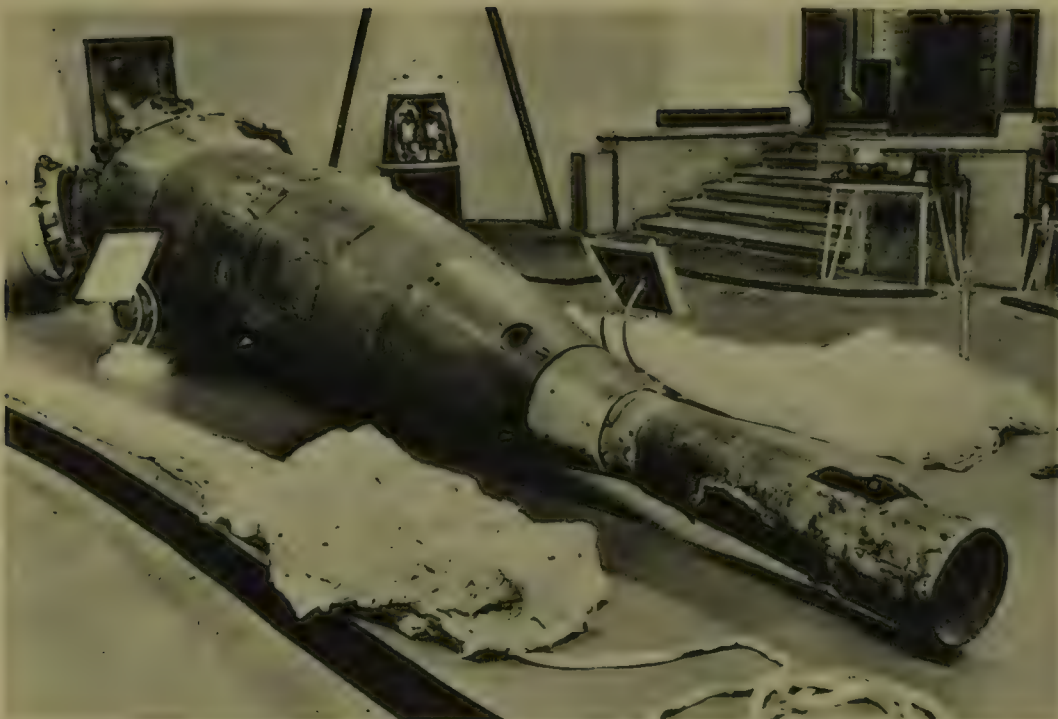
ALIVE AND "KICKING" AGAIN: THE IGUANA MAKES A SWIFT RECOVERY AND LASHES OUT.

It was recently announced that anæsthetic darts may be used in an "errand of mercy" at the Kariba dam, where large and potentially dangerous animals may have to be moved for their own survival from islands which the dam has created and on which the animals are now marooned. The same technique, that of anæsthetising animals by means of darts carrying a temporarily paralysing poison, has been used by the South American Indians for many



A FINE SPECIMEN OF A GREEN IGUANA, CAPTURED ALIVE, EASILY AND WITHOUT HURT.

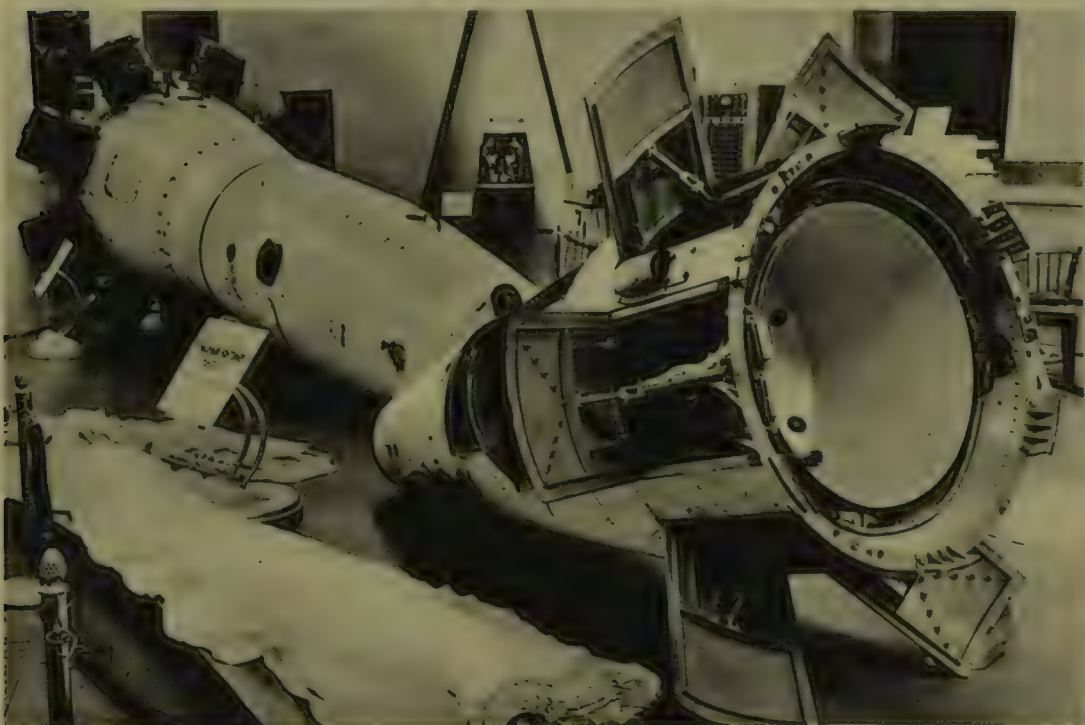
years. These Indians use a blow-gun and light darts tipped with a form of curare poison. This technique has been further developed by animal collectors; and we show here some photographs of Mr. Ross Allen, a collector especially of reptiles, using a light California-made blow-gun and darts tipped with a new formula of poison based partly on curare to capture the speedy and elusive Green Iguana in the Amazon basin near Leticia.



AT THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS EXHIBITION IN MOSCOW: THE INSTRUMENT CONTAINER OF A GEOPHYSICAL ROCKET, WHICH HAD RETURNED FROM A HEIGHT OF 280 MILES.



IN THE SCIENCE SECTION OF THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS EXHIBITION: (LEFT) THE INSTRUMENT CONTAINER OF AN A2 ROCKET (SEE ALSO BELOW).

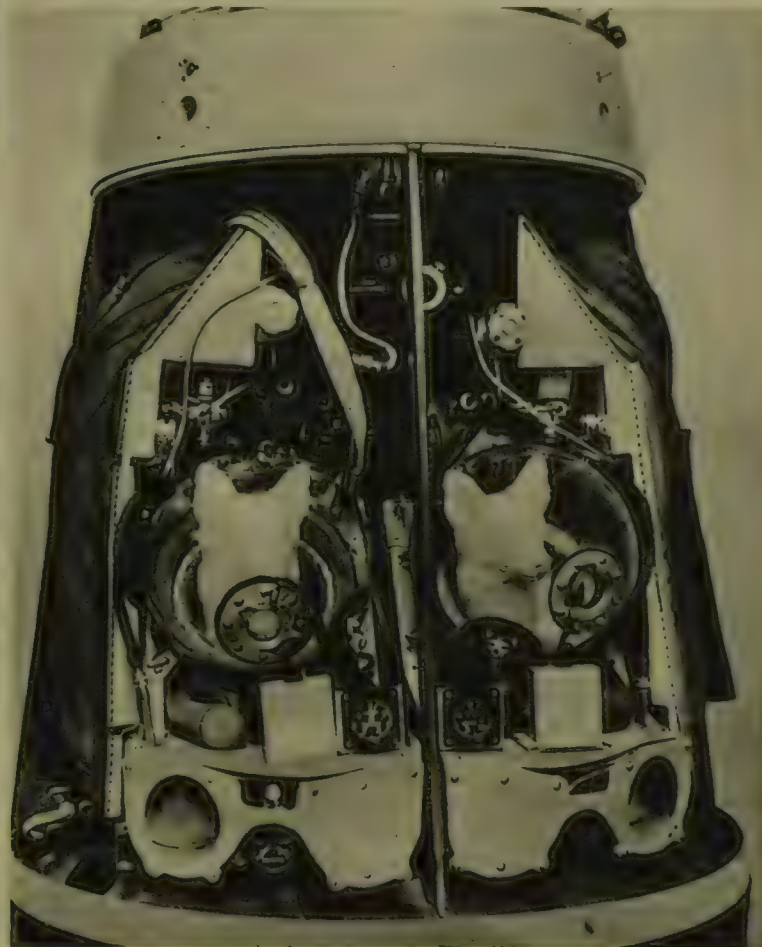


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INSTRUMENT CONTAINER OF AN A2 ROCKET, SEEN ALSO IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE. THIS MADE A PARACHUTE DESCENT OF 68½ MILES.

SOVIET GEOPHYSICAL SPACE ROCKETS —IN A CURRENT MOSCOW EXHIBITION.



ON THE LEFT, THE INSTRUMENT CONTAINER OF AN A3 GEOPHYSICAL ROCKET. IT WEIGHS NEARLY 1½ TONS AND ITS ALTITUDE RANGE IS ABOUT 284 MILES.



THE INSTRUMENT CONTAINER OF A HIGH-ALTITUDE GEOPHYSICAL ROCKET, SHOWING MODEL DOGS IN THEIR SPECIAL TEST CHAMBERS.

These photographs, which come from a Russian source, together with the descriptive material, were taken in the Science section of the Russian National Achievements Exhibition at Moscow; and they are an interesting index both of the outstanding work Russia has done in this field and of the interest the Russian public is taking in it. The budget announced by Mr. Zverev in December allotted about £2,480,000,000 to science expenditure for 1959, an increase of about 14 per cent. on 1958. In mid-January some details were

given of the instrumentation of the Russian artificial "planet" which is expected to make its nearest return to the earth in 154 years, with "lesser approaches" in 1975 and 2028; and these included proton counters to detect the gas components of inter-planetary substances, transmitters, a telemetric block for transmitting data on scientific measurements and the temperature and pressure inside the container, and equipment for measuring the magnetic field of the earth and for detecting the magnetic field of the moon.

SALVAGING A SWEDISH WARSHIP—BRAND-NEW BUT 331 YEARS OLD: THE STRANGE STORY OF THE *VASA*.

By **COMMODORE EDWARD CLASON**, Chairman of the *Vasa* Salvage Committee.

THE *Vasa* was built in the Naval Dockyard in Stockholm and finished in the summer of 1628. On August 10 she lay at the Royal Palace, where she had taken on board her guns, munitions, provisions, and so on. It was intended that she should join the fleet in Stockholm Archipelago, fully equipped for war. . . .

In the afternoon of August 10 the *Vasa* was warped out from her mooring berth, made sails and got under way on an easterly course. She only carried her topsails and mizzen. The wind was light, south-westerly. When she came out of the lee of the high rocks, which form the southern coast of Stockholm Harbour, she all of a sudden heeled over, capsized and sank in 18 fathoms of water. We don't know exactly how many of her complement were drowned: it is said to have been between thirty and fifty. . . .

Why did the *Vasa* capsize? Of course there were extensive inquiries held immediately after the disaster and there is no doubt that *Vasa* was very unstable. . . . During the years following the disaster many attempts were made to raise the *Vasa*, but without success. Some thirty years later, in 1664, a Swede named von Treileben did a most remarkable feat. Using a diving-bell he succeeded in taking out and salvaging most of the guns. The divers must have worked in pitch darkness, as the Maeler Lake, which has its outlet through Stockholm, has a very brownish water. The only possibility to renew the air in the diving-bell must have been by sending down casks with air (this occasion seems, by the way, to be the first time this method is mentioned). . . . In 1920 some unidentified guns were found in the archipelago and raised. When scrutinising the old documents to find out what guns they were an eminent Swedish historian, Professor Ahnlund, also found some reports about the *Vasa* disaster and published them.

Mr. Anders Franzén (Fig. 3), of Stockholm, who for some years has specialised in locating old naval



FIG. 3. MR. ANDERS FRANZEN, WHO LOCATED THE WRECK IN 1956, ADMIRING A CARVED DECORATION BROUGHT UP BY THE DIVERS.

wrecks, took up the quest and in 1956 he succeeded in locating what was most probably a big hull, built of old oak. Divers went down and they found an old man-of-war lying on the bottom, silted down up to the lower battery gunports but still standing some 15-20 ft. out of the mud.

The authorities considered that this was something great and a special committee was formed to investigate whether it could be the *Vasa* and if it would be possible to raise her. The committee, of which I had the honour to be chairman, consisted of naval officers, archaeologists, experts in preservation, salvage specialists, and so on. To assist us with diving operations the training courses for the naval divers were placed at the disposal of the Naval Dockyard, Stockholm.

The committee found that the ship most probably was the *Vasa*: the place of the disaster, the general appearance of the ship, the dimensions, the number of gunports—everything fitted. If



FIG. 1. WHERE THE 331-YEAR-OLD SWEDISH WARSHIP *VASA* IS LYING: STOCKHOLM HARBOUR, WITH (CENTRE) A NAVAL SALVAGE UNIT OVER THE SUNKEN SHIP AND (RIGHT) THE NAVAL DOCKYARD.

there had been any doubts they were finally removed on September 5, 1958, when we raised a 24-pounder bronze gun (Fig. 5) with the crest of the *Vasa* Dynasty, the letters G A R S—Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueciae—and the year 162 . . . (the last number is impossible to read) showing that it was one of the forty-six guns manufactured for the *Vasa*. The keel of the *Vasa*—about 2 ft.



FIG. 2. AT THE *VASA* FINDINGS EXHIBITION: (ABOVE) A SHIP MODEL OF THE GENERAL LINES OF *VASA*; AND BELOW, A MODEL BROUGHT TO SWEDEN FROM ENGLAND IN 1655 BY FRANCIS SHELDON, THE FIRST OF A FAMILY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS IN THE SWEDISH ROYAL SHIPYARD OF KARLSKRONA.

broad—is at a depth of about 20 fathoms. The ship has settled down 7-10 ft. in a stiff clay. Above the clay there is about the same thickness of mud and slime. These we can suck away and the clay is easily cut by a water-jet. Tunnels cut in the clay are lasting very well. Between the mud and the clay we find lots of objects belonging to the ship.

The *Vasa* was built of oak, but in bulwarks and superstructures we have found some fir planks. The hull is carvel-built with oak planks about a foot wide and 3-4 ins. thick. Ribs and beams seem to be 10 ins. or a foot square. The sides are strengthened by a system of longitudinal ribbands or wales about 4 ins. thicker than the ordinary planks. There are nine such wales on each side: three above the upper battery gunports, two between upper and lower batteries and four beneath the lower battery gunports. . . .

The bulwarks and superstructures were clinker-built. They, and the rigging are practically all gone, broken down during the years. The hull proper is practically intact, although the upper decks were broken up when they took out the guns in 1664. So far we have found very little damage on the hull. It's amazing in what good condition she is, as we have already found some fifteen anchors of different ages which have been fouled in the *Vasa* and lost.

The oak in itself is fairly good. The tensile strength of a piece of oak proved to be about 60 per cent. of the strength of fresh oak. As there are no Teredos in the Baltic the wood is intact from gnawing or boring worms.

The committee believes that the ship will stand raising, but we can't be sure of that until we have

tried, so we have recommended that she should be raised and moved—still submerged—into shallower water where she will be more accessible for examination and reinforcing prior to the final raising.

The water in the harbour of Stockholm is very muddy. With a powerful lamp the diver sometimes can see up to 3 or 4 yards, but normally not more than 1-2 yards, and when he starts working and the silt is disturbed he cannot see anything at all. Because of that our first job was to nail a sort of a yard-measure along the sides to give the divers a reference system for their observations, and so, with a great number of dives and lots of reports from the divers, we have made a rough sketch of the *Vasa* which we believe is—for the time being—passably correct but definitely wrong in lots of details.

We intend to have six tunnels under her: so far three are ready (numbers 4 and 6). The work proceeds slowly: the *Vasa* lies just outside our main drydock, and every time a ship is taken into or out of the dock we have to break off our diving operations and remove our pontoons and barges. Further, all the mud sucked up must be strained for small items, all loose pieces must be taken up, cleaned and preserved. By the middle of September 1958 we had made more than 800 descents and taken up about 160 different articles. These comprise a number of parts of gunport lids, bulwark stanchions, bulwark planks, deck planks, and so on. We have also got a beautifully carved head-rail—still with traces of gold—from the figurehead and some other carvings. Last year we found a very beautiful lion's face, carved in alder, size about 20 by 16 by 8 ins. There were



FIG. 4. KING GUSTAV VI OF SWEDEN EXAMINING A CARVED HEAD OF BACCHUS, ONE OF THE PIECES OF BAROQUE DECORATION OF THE WARSHIP *VASA*, WHICH THE DIVERS HAVE RECOVERED.

traces of gold or yellow paint on it, and its tongue and mouth still showed the red paint of 330 years ago. Fangs and eyeballs had been white. Last year we have found seven or eight more in different states of preservation and we have also been able to ascertain that they were placed on the inside of the red-painted gunport lids (Fig. 8). When the ship was ready for action a yellow lion's face frowned with bared fangs above each gun. This was an element of decoration of our warships that wasn't known before. . . .

The *Vasa* has a square stern. We have found the planks which covered the lower part of the stern, beneath the counter, and have so been able to reconstruct the dimensions of that part. The greatest breadth of the stern—galleries not included—seems to have been 6.6 metres or about 22 ft. She was about 1 metre deeper by the keel aft than we had thought. . . . [Continued opposite.

TREASURES OF VASA ON SHOW: CARVINGS RECOVERED AFTER 331 YEARS.



FIG. 5. A BRONZE 24-PDR. RECOVERED LAST YEAR. CAST IN 1627, WITH THE NATIONAL ARMS AND MONOGRAM OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.



FIG. 6. A GENERAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE ITEMS SAVED FROM THE SUNKEN VASA, ON EXHIBITION IN THE STOCKHOLM NAVAL MUSEUM.

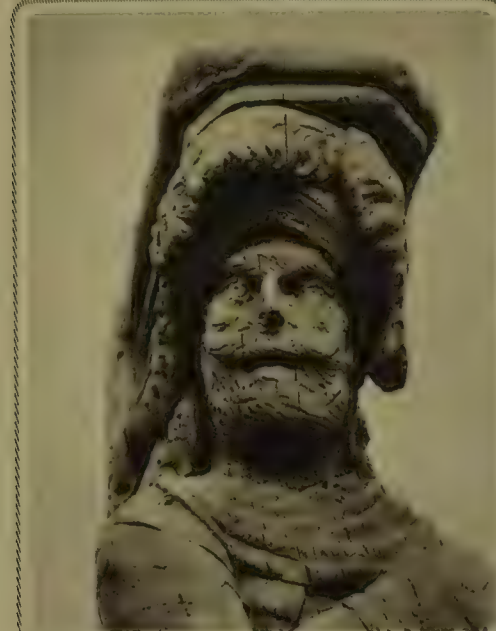


FIG. 7. THE HEAD OF A NOBLE—ONE OF THE MANY PIECES OF BAROQUE DECORATION SO FAR RECOVERED.



FIGS. 8 AND 9. (ABOVE) VARIOUS PIECES OF CARVING, INCLUDING THE LION HEAD FROM THE INNER SIDE OF A GUN-PORT; AND (BELOW) A DETAIL, PERHAPS THE UPPER PART OF A WINDOW.

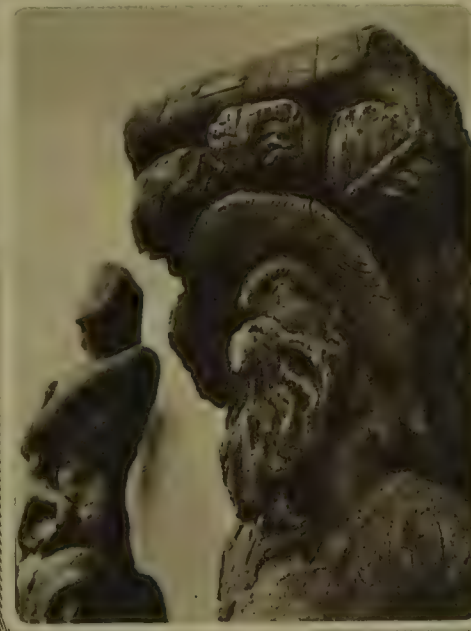


FIG. 10. ANOTHER NOBLE HEAD IN THE SAME STYLE AS FIG. 7. THERE ARE FORTUNATELY NO TEREDOS IN THE BALTIC.



FIG. 11. SUPERINTENDENT GERHARD ALBE, POINTING TO THE CHAINED LION ON WHICH THIS FINE ALLEGORICAL OR MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURE IS STANDING.



FIG. 12. A VARIATION OF THE MEDUSA THEME. SNAKES ARE CRAWLING FROM THE NOSTRILS, MOUTH, EYES AND EARS OF THIS FANTASTIC WOODEN FIGURE.



FIG. 13. THE FIGURE OF A NOBLE IN ARMOUR. IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THE SHIP SANK IN 1628 THE STATE OF PRESERVATION IS REALLY REMARKABLE.

Continued.] The rudder was still in place. The lowest of the seven pintles, which was well down in stiff clay, was in a quite good condition, but the rest of them were rusted away. As we couldn't hope to keep the rudder in place during the raising operations, and as, naturally, we did not wish to dislocate the foremost end of the tiller with its steering arrangements, which are covered by debris, we cut the tiller just forward of the rudder, and then raised the rudder. This is a huge construction. Its height is 10.3 metres (34 ft.). It is 1.4 metres (4 ft. 7 ins.) long and the thickness varies between 15 and 12 ins. The whole thing is made out of two oak beams. The weight is about 3 tons. . . . Among the carved statues (Figs. 3, 4, 7, 10, 12 and 13) there is one long pole or pillar 4.9 metres high (16 ft.) and about 1 ft. wide. It has three different figures on top of each other. The lower half of its

back shows that it has been fixed on a clinkerbuilt side. The top part of it shows fittings for railings. It must have been the upper part of the "corner" between the stern and starboard quarter. The necessity to raise all these pieces has, of course, delayed our work. We have had to work down through layer after layer of things, the whole time trying not to damage anything. When we had to break off for the winter we were in contact with something elaborately carved. In the opinion of the divers it is a group of statues. . . . As for our plans, nothing has changed so far. If the necessary money can be raised we hope to be able to move the *Vasa* into shallower waters some time round August-September next summer. Finally we express our gratitude to all the Swedish companies who have substantially supported the *Vasa* project by all sorts of gifts.



THERE is an exhibition at the Terry-Engell Gallery which the bright young man of thirty years or so ago would have, I think, regarded as too old-fashioned for words; fit perhaps for the nostalgic dreams of a whole series of Galsworthy characters, particularly Soames Forsyte, but otherwise unworthy of consideration. Both young and old seem to have travelled some distance since then, and find this series of French nineteenth-century paintings (which differ so much from what we usually call to mind when we use the phrase) a great deal more than nostalgic.

Some of us find it even exciting; not that every one of the sixty-five paintings in the show is either very original or very good, but there are numerous names which are unfamiliar, and one goes away surprised not that one or two of them are such poor shadows of the great men they toil so hard to imitate, but that so many are so good and with a very definite personality of their own. Of the last, I should say that Constant Troyon makes the most impressive contribution to this exhibition with a magnificent landscape looking over trees to the distant Seine, with a small study of two cows in a stable to show us that he was interested also in other things. It is odd to think that this fine romantic artist began as a painter of porcelain at Sèvres, though, to be sure, not more odd to remember that Renoir started in the same humble manner.

Millet, the greater name, is represented only by a little study of a farmyard, but apart from him, great names are wholly absent, though, to judge by recent auction-room prices, the serene and unruffled Harpignies, who, as far as I can judge, painted the same quiet pastoral pictures from the moment he could hold a brush until he died in 1916 at the age of ninety-six, may yet find himself numbered among the immortals. He was a tremendous official swell in his day, but that is not quite the same thing. Daubigny, Charles-François (1817-1878), on the evidence of this selection, certainly qualifies as a worthy companion to Troyon—but do not confound him with a younger Daubigny, Karl-Pierre (1846-1886), who is not in the same class. But then—and there are various surprises of this sort—you suddenly find yourself looking at what you would in the ordinary way label as a Daubigny, only to discover the signature of Pelouse, of whom you have never heard. You then go home and look him up and find that he began as a commercial traveller and painted his first picture in barracks with the C.O.'s permission.

But if, as I think most people will, you are pleased at finding an unknown man who could achieve something of the quality of so good and sincere a painter as Daubigny and still remain a marked personality of his own, you will be rather taken aback by Trouillebert, who seems to be little more than the most uninspired copyist of Corot. Indeed, both he and Chintreuil seemed to me to have taken over one or two of that very great man's more obvious mannerisms—the morning mists, for example, of his later landscapes—and then imagined they had penetrated his secret. Chintreuil—the name, I mean—rang no bell, but

that of Trouillebert did, if very faintly. Looking him up I found that there was once a famous lawsuit in which Dumas Fils was the plaintiff, accusing someone of fraud in selling him a Trouillebert instead of a Corot. Dumas won his case, and that reminded me of the chestnut I used to be told in my salad days—that Corot painted 4000 pictures, 8000 of which were in America.

It is one thing to be influenced by a great painter; indeed, great painters, like great musicians, can scarcely avoid being influenced to some

who died in 1899 at the age of fifty-nine? If this path by the brook amid scattered trees with a glimpse of a bright distance is typical of his work, I for one would welcome a great many more paintings from this modest but surely more than normally gifted brush. The same wish applies to yet another painter, one with the unlikely name of Yon, who seems to have wandered along the banks of rivers with a very sensitive eye. Given space and two dozen photographs, one could go on in this manner at inordinate and tedious length, but, then, this sort of exhibition—so quiet and restful and filled with so many unpretentious dreams—is one of those which demand that kind of attention. It is true that great men may not immediately be recognised as such; it is no less true that their followers have to be studied carefully before one can sort them out into some kind of order.

There is a nice sea piece by Stanislas Lepine—surely one of Corot's best pupils—who has become greatly and justly in favour during the past dozen years, especially for his pictures of the Seine in Paris, and a typical oil on paper sketch by that highly individual man Georges Michel (1763-1843), who, in the intervals of restoring and dealing in Old Masters (some say faking them), wandered about the outskirts of Paris painting romantic little landscapes rather in the manner of Rembrandt. And who among us has heard of Charles Lapostolle, who contributes a competent painting of the Seine near Rouen—he had a picture in The Royal Academy in 1872—or Louis-Gabriel-Eugène Isabey? Most of us have a nodding acquaintance with the work of his father, Jean-Baptiste, that admirably tactful courtier and good sound miniaturist, who was equally at home with Napoleon and Josephine and with the régime which followed. His son, L.-G.-E., is recognised as a somewhat timid but agreeable *petit-maitre* of the romantic school and is by no means to be despised.

Noel, Ortman, Pecrus, Beauverie, Cabie, Damoye, and a dozen others—all of them names of no account but most of them with some virtue; it really is a considerable adventure searching out these nineteenth-century men, as it is if one ever has the opportunity of seeing the work of the dozens of provincial and minor painters of the eighteenth century to be found scattered in the museums of France. If it is any consolation for our own ignorance, the French know nothing of our small people either. While in this exhibition there are a few echoes of Delacroix, the main influence is that of Corot; there is nothing by him, but his kindly, genial presence seems to be all-pervading. Perhaps it is not wholly fanciful to see in the love of the countryside which was the inspiration of Corot himself, and of all Barbizon and near-Barbizon painters, the point where—at long last—French, Dutch and English traditions came very near together.

Georges Bazin speaks of the way in which "the 1830 or Barbizon school conveyed the infiniteness of nature in the loneliness of forests, the organic strength of trees, the solidness of the land." John Crome had just these ideals, as had many others in these islands—and all, on each side of the Channel, acknowledged their debt to Dutch predecessors.



"LE VALLON A POIGNY PRES DE RAMBOUILLET," BY LEON PELOUSE (1838-1891): FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY LANDSCAPES AT H. TERRY-ENGELL, REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 36½ ins.)



"LE SENTIER," BY PIERRE OUTIN (1840-1899), FROM THE SAME EXHIBITION OF FRENCH LANDSCAPES DEVOTED TO THE BARBIZON AND CLOSELY-RELATED SCHOOLS. (Oil on canvas: 17½ by 22½ ins.) (See also our issue of February 21.)

degree by their predecessors, but if you merely creep along painting dimly in the master's manner, you will become famous one day, not as yourself, but as the great man's monkey. Neither of these two made any impact upon me at all, and I can't help being cross with the younger Dumas for having allowed himself to be deceived; he must have been exceptionally blind. But I wonder, all the same, how many paintings by these two have been let loose upon the world with the names painted out and that of Corot substituted: perhaps the excess 4000 of the story?

Having put both of these in their place in this decidedly pontifical manner, what are we to make of another more or less unknown—Pierre Outin,

AN OUTSTANDING EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH 18TH-CENTURY FURNITURE IN PARIS.



A ROSEWOOD DRESSING-TABLE ATTRIBUTED TO THOMAS CHIPPENDALE, c. 1760: ONE OF THE EXHIBITS OF ENGLISH FURNITURE NOW IN PARIS. (From the Lady Lever Art Gallery.)



A KINGWOOD HANGING-CABINET MADE FOR HORACE WALPOLE IN 1743 FOR HIS MINIATURES: THE ARMS OF WALPOLE ARE WITHIN THE PEDIMENT. (From the Victoria and Albert Museum.)



A CARVED MAHOGANY CABINET ON A CHEST-OF-DRAWERS WITH A SWAN-NECK PEDIMENT: THE FOUR TERMINAL BUSTS REPRESENT HOMER. c. 1735. (From the Lady Lever Art Gallery.)



A COMMODE IN SATINWOOD VENEER BANDED IN MAHOGANY: WITH MARQUETRY FLOWERS. ATTRIBUTED TO THOMAS CHIPPENDALE. (From the Lady Lever Art Gallery.)



ONE OF FOUR OVERHEAD CANOPIES MADE FOR THE BRIGHTON PAVILION MUSIC ROOM, c. 1820. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE CANOPY IN ITS PERMANENT SETTING IN BRIGHTON.



A MARBLE-TOPPED MAHOGANY WRITING-TABLE FROM THE LATE QUEEN MARY'S COLLECTION, ORIGINALLY MADE FOR ROKEBY HALL, c. 1745. (From the Royal Collection.)



A MAHOGANY HALL BENCH WITH GILT DETAILS, PAINTED WITH THE ARMS OF GEORGE IV WHEN PRINCE OF WALES: MADE FOR THE BRIGHTON PAVILION. (From the Royal Collection.)

112 pieces of English furniture form the major part of the exhibition "The Century of Elegance in England," on view at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris until May 18. This sumptuous exhibition of eighteenth-century furniture and decorative art has been organised by the British Council in association with the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is the result of four years' planning, and among those who have lent exhibits are the Queen,

the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. Although the emphasis is on the eighteenth century, there is an introductory Queen Anne section, and also a room devoted to the extravagances of the Brighton Pavilion, which must surely make Frenchmen wonder if we are really as undemonstrative a race as they think. This is a tented room, designed to display to the full the amazing fantasies of that era.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HAVING moved into another house, with a garden ten times the size of the one we had a few months ago, has enabled us to give our pets more space. All the old favourites, about whom stories have been written on this page in the last few years, are still with us, and each has more room. It has been possible, for example, to give the larger birds bigger aviaries so that they can take long flights. It is noticeable that with the increased living space all are much less prone to panic at unusual sounds or movements. They appear more contented and, although they always were tame and approachable, they appear even more friendly now than before. In the case of

A BABEL OF BIRDS

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

a stream of conversation in a low voice. This makes one think of a cantankerous old man muttering under his breath. It sounds like a continuous conversation in which occasional words, and sometimes phrases, can be distinctly heard, while the rest, although obviously imitation of human speech, is just too soft to be distinguished, especially at that speed. It is, in fact, like listening to somebody who is lip-lazy.

While *Jasper* will prattle on in a quite un-

inhibited fashion, whether anyone is near the aviary or not, *Niger* gives the rest of his performance only when no one is near. If you hide, completely out of sight in bushes nearby, you can hear him "talking to himself."

Niger was hand-reared from a fledgling by Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hume, from whom we adopted him when he was a year or so of age. When "talking to himself" *Niger* uses two voices, one a deep, masculine voice and the other in a much higher register. Although no words can be distinguished there can be no doubt that he is repeating conversations between Mr. and Mrs. Noel Hume.

This can be related to the fact that the only other sounds she makes are of children playing. She will laugh, cry, scream, chatter joyously or petulantly, giving the impression of a group of children playing. In fact, anyone passing the garden and not knowing the truth, would be bound to suppose that there were children playing, so perfect is the imitation. Moreover, on some days the "children" seem to be playing happily, at other times they seem to be quarrelling, and so on.

We speak of things being repeated parrot-fashion, and probably most people assume, as I would have done at one time, that birds "talking" are rather like gramophones. That is, the words are recorded, in the memory, and are repeated mechanically like the words from the gramophone disc when the needle touches it. Not only can it be shown that talking birds will use words appropriate to a particular object, but there is an individuality in the method of using them. Some, like one of our rooks, can use them but seldom do. *Niger* will use them if he has no human audience, as though he were shy. *Jasper* almost appears to use them to show off.

One point of great interest to me, is that birds may mimic the natural calls and songs of other birds—*Jasper*, for example, will mimic owls, chaffinches, and others, when they come within his sight—but I have not known, other than parrots, any bird to imitate the mimicked sounds of another bird. The fact that several of ours say "Come on" is a coincidence. Each learned this on its own before we had it in our aviaries. This failure to copy another bird's mimicked sounds is quite remarkable, when one remembers the wide range of sounds used by a bird like *Jasper*. Clearly he is capable of mimicking the sounds *Niger* makes, but the fact remains that he does not, yet the two have been in adjacent aviaries for several years.

I also find it quite remarkable that any bird should never utter a single note of its native calls.



CLOSE-UP OF A CARRION CROW. THIS INDIVIDUAL BIRD NEVER UTTERS A SINGLE NOTE OF THE NATIVE CALLS OF A CROW BUT EXPRESSES EVERYTHING IN SOUNDS OF CHILDREN PLAYING.

one aviary this increased friendliness leads to a situation which is decidedly humorous.

This aviary was built as a large box, so to speak, and then divided by internal walls of wire-netting into four. In one compartment lives a pair of jays. In a second is *Niger*, the rook. In the third is a jackdaw, and in the fourth a pair of magpies. All are members of the crow family, and all have in common that they imitate human speech, to a greater or lesser extent. When somebody goes up to this aviary, all the occupants come as near to one as the design of the aviary will allow. And all give a greeting that is expressed in the particular words each can manage. One of the more interesting sides to this performance is the number of words each uses.

Taking the jackdaw first, she says only one word, her own name, but says it very clearly: "Jacko." The cock magpie repeats his own name, which is *Oscar*, whistles a tune, and says "Come on." The hen magpie says "Come on" and laughs heartily in a very human way. These three have all preserved, in addition, their native calls. The rook, *Niger*, has never used a native call since he has been with us. Instead of the usual cawing he makes a curious, somewhat raucous sound, which can only be rendered in print as wha-ha, but when making this call the whole action of the body is that of a rook cawing and wha-ha, so totally unlike the well-known caw, is used as a substitute for it. He will also say "Come on." The hen jay can imitate a number of human words and also mechanical sounds, but will do so only when the cock jay is out of sight among foliage. It looks as though he dominates her so completely that she does not "talk" when he is around.

The star-performer is the cock jay, *Jasper*. We have listed some fifty different imitations, including words, short sentences, snatches of tunes, and mechanical sounds, such as a saw, the clink of milk-bottles, a squeaky wheel on a wheelbarrow, and so on. On a warm, sunny morning he will go through the whole of his repertoire repeatedly, perhaps for an hour or more on end. But in addition to these accomplishments he has the habit of sitting in a somewhat aggressive way, with his crest erect and his mandibles moving in the manner of human lips, all the time keeping up

Having introduced the players, the scene is now set to describe what happens when one goes near this compound aviary. The inhabitants crowd as nearly as they can to the visitor. *Jasper* keeps up a stream of muttered conversation, and this is punctuated by cries from the others of "Come on," an occasional whistled tune from *Oscar*, and bursts of hearty laughter from the hen magpie.

Already this year, *Niger* has started to build a nest, although he has no mate, and he has chosen to do so on a perch hard up against the netting separating his compartment from that occupied by the jays. The result is a certain amount of boundary fighting, and in this both rook and jay use mimicked human speech, instead of their native calls, to challenge the other. The two birds try, unsuccessfully, to use their beaks through the wire-netting, but for most of the time the jay sits with crest up muttering under his breath, like an angry thwarted human, while *Niger* cries continually "Come on, come on," in what is almost a jeering note. The scene looks, and sounds, very human.

At the other end of the garden is another aviary containing crows, rooks and jackdaws. All except two have never been known to utter mimicked sounds, and of these two, one very seldom does so. The other, a hen crow, never makes a noise like a crow. Instead, she will go through the actions of a crow cawing while at the same time giving forth a long-drawn-out scream.



BY CONTRAST, THIS JACKDAW CALLS ITS OWN NAME CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY BUT USES JACKDAW CALLS FOR EVERYTHING ELSE.

"Members of the crow family," writes Dr. Burton, "are well known as mimics of human speech and other sounds, but the individual birds differ widely in the extent to which they use their power of mimicking." In his article, Dr. Burton describes the interesting and amusing habits of mimicry of birds in his aviaries that he has observed.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

It can only be supposed that in rooks and crows the adult native calls are not innate but wholly learned, and that unless they are learned in infancy they never will be. There is one more feature of this mimicking. Two of the birds will call the several dogs we have by name, or will whistle them, in what sounds to me a perfect imitation of my daughter, but they do not deceive a dog's ear except momentarily. The dog may be walking or crouching on the lawn, half asleep, when the bird calls it. Its ears will go up for a split second and then immediately relax. Yet the same sounds uttered by my daughter will bring the dogs to her at the run. This is perhaps no more than an indication of the acuteness of an animal's hearing compared with our own degenerate ears.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A B.M. APPOINTMENT:
MR. N. F. SHARP.

Mr. Noel Farquharson Sharp, who has for some years been Superintendent of the Reading Room of the British Museum—a post formerly held by his father—has been appointed a Keeper in the Department of Printed Books by the Principal Trustees of the Museum. He joined the Museum staff in 1929.



DR. A. WERNER'S B.M. APPOINTMENT.

Dr. A. E. A. Werner, who joined the British Museum staff in 1954, having previously worked in the National Gallery, and who has specialised in the use of plastic materials in restoration, has been appointed Keeper of the Research Laboratory in succession to Dr. H. J. Plenderleith. (See below.)



THE ARCHITECT WHO MAY DESIGN THE NEW ST. CATHERINE'S COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN OXFORD: PROFESSOR ARNE JACOBSEN.
The respected Danish architect, Professor Arne Jacobsen, is seen here with a picture of one of the schools which he has designed. An exhibition of his work is now on view in London at the Royal Institute of British Architects.



MINISTER TO RUMANIA:
MR. SCOTT FOX.

Mr. Robert Scott Fox succeeds Mr. Alan Dudley as British Minister to Rumania. Aged forty-eight, Mr. Scott was *Chargé d'Affaires* in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, in 1949 and 1950, and afterwards at various times acted in this capacity in Ankara. In 1955 he joined the U.K. Delegation to the U.N.



GOVERNOR OF SOMALILAND: SIR DOUGLAS HALL.

Sir Douglas Hall, formerly Secretary for Native Affairs in the Government of Northern Rhodesia, has been appointed Governor of Somaliland. He joined the Colonial Administrative Service as a cadet in Rhodesia in 1930, and became a Senior District Officer in 1950. Sir Douglas is fifty.



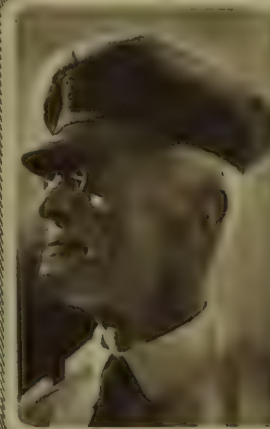
(Left.) A UNESCO APPOINTMENT: DR. H. J. PLENDERLEITH.

Dr. H. J. Plenderleith, Keeper of the Research Laboratory at the British Museum since 1949, is to become Director of the International Centre for the Study of the Preservation and Restoration of Cultural Property, a branch of Unesco, it was announced recently. He retired from the Museum staff on February 28.

(Right.)

BOYS' ADVENTURE STORIES: THE LATE MR. P. WESTERMAN.

Mr. Percy F. Westerman, well known to schoolboys throughout the world as a prolific writer of adventure stories, died on February 22, aged 82. He was attracted to the sea at an early age, and a large number of his books are nautical stories. In all he wrote 170 books. His sales are over one-and-a-half millions.



(Left.) WRITER AND SCHOLAR: THE LATE DR. K. FREEMAN.

Dr. Kathleen Freeman, who wrote detective novels under the name of Mary Fitt, died on February 21, aged 61. Dr. Freeman was also a notable classical scholar, and published a number of books on Greek under her own name. Until 1946 she was Lecturer in Greek at the University College of South Wales.

(Right.)

NEW CUBAN AMBASSADOR: SENOR S. R. SANTAMARINA.

The new Cuban Ambassador to Britain, appointed by the Castro Government, is Señor Sergio Santamarina, who has recently arrived in London. Until joining Dr. Castro's followers eighteen months ago he was a businessman. His predecessor, Dr. Mendoza, still owns the Embassy building in London.



THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL AGREEMENT IN CAIRO AFTER A MONTH OF DELAYS SINCE THE INITIALLING.

Mr. Frederick Erroll, Economic Secretary to the Treasury (left), is seen signing the agreement for Great Britain. On the right, signing for the United Arab Republic, is Dr. Abdel Kaissouny, Economics Minister. One of the most recent stumbling-blocks between the two countries has been disagreement over the Smouha estates near Alexandria.



DEATH OF AN EMINENT LEGAL AND POLITICAL FIGURE IN WEST AFRICA: SIR EMMANUEL QUIST.

Sir Emmanuel Quist, who died on February 28, had been Speaker of the Gold Coast Legislative Assembly, and then, after the country's independence, of the Ghana National Assembly. The son of a Presbyterian Minister, he was called to the Bar in 1913 and set up practice in Accra. He became a successful barrister, and the first Gold Coast African to be appointed Crown Counsel. In 1949 he received the post of President of the Legislative Council. He retired from public life in 1957.



CAPTAIN OF THE INDIAN TOURING CRICKET TEAM: D. K. GAEKWAD.

Mr. D. K. Gaekwad, aide-de-camp to the Maharajah of Baroda, will lead the Indian cricketers due to tour England this summer. Aged thirty, he toured this country with the last team in 1952, but until a month ago had not played in Test cricket since 1953. It is understood that the choice is a popular one. He is an exceptionally fine fielder and a stylish batsman.



SOCIALIST M.P.'S REFUSAL TO LEAVE RHODESIA: MR. STONEHOUSE.

Mr. John Stonehouse, Socialist M.P. for Wednesbury, has been asked to leave the Central African Federation because of so-called "provocative" speeches he has been making. Mr. Stonehouse has rejected the Federal Government's expulsion order on the grounds that it is invalid for a British M.P. in a territory directly responsible to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.



SUEZ REBEL FINALLY REJECTED IN BOURNEMOUTH BALLOT: MR. NIGEL NICOLSON, M.P.

By the narrow margin of 91 votes in a poll of over 7000, Mr. Nigel Nicolson, Conservative M.P. for Bournemouth East and Christchurch since 1952, was rejected by the local Conservative Association as their candidate in the next General Election. He had fallen out with the Association when he disagreed with the Government's policy at the time of the Suez crisis. He has offered to resign his seat immediately. Mr. Randolph Churchill is among those who have offered their services as official candidate.

DEMOLITION, DAMAGE AND REPAIRS; AND OTHER RECENT NEWS ITEMS.



THE RICH FIREPLACE IN THE BALLROOM AT 148, PICCADILLY, WHICH IS TO BE DEMOLISHED SHORTLY.



TO BE DEMOLISHED IN THE HYDE PARK CORNER ROAD IMPROVEMENTS: 148, PICCADILLY—A ROTHSCHILD HOUSE FROM 1859 UNTIL 1946. In connection with the L.C.C. improvement scheme for road traffic at Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch, 148, Piccadilly, which stands next to Apsley House, is being demolished. A number of fine features are being removed and preserved or re-used, either by the Rothschild family, the Crown Estates, the Victoria and Albert or the Royal College of Surgeons.



THE BALLROOM FIREPLACE (SEEN COMPLETE ON THE LEFT) DURING COURSE OF REMOVAL.



LEE MAN SUNG, A TEN-YEAR-OLD CHINESE DEAF-AND-DUMB WINNER OF AN INTERNATIONAL PAINTING COMPETITION FOR DEAF CHILDREN, WITH SIR ALFRED BOSSON.



MR. MENDERES, THE TURKISH PREMIER, SHAKING HANDS WITH MRS. BAILEY, WHO GAVE HIM FIRST AID AFTER THE AIR-CRASH, AND INVITING HER AND HER HUSBAND (CENTRE) TO SPEND A HOLIDAY IN TURKEY.



MR. STIRLING MOSS, THE RACING DRIVER, AND HIS WIFE COLLECTING A CONSIGNMENT OF SIXTY CHINCHILLAS, WITH AN ESTIMATED VALUE OF OVER £7000, ON ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM CANADA.



REPAIRS TO CORFE CASTLE: MINISTRY OF WORKS WORKMEN ARRIVING WITH TUBULAR SCAFFOLDING AT THE START OF REPAIRS TO THIS FAMOUS DORSET CASTLE.

Repairs to Corfe Castle, parts of which are 800 years old, were started in mid-February by the Ministry of Works. The programme will take about eight or nine years and will mainly consist in consolidating masonry.



AT THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY BALL IN MAYFAIR: LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN, THE WIFE OF THE PREMIER, AND MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, CUTTING THE CAKE.



THE VICTIM OF VANDALISM: RUBENS' MASTERPIECE, "THE FALL OF THE DAMNED," LYING ON ITS SIDE IN MUNICH AFTER MUTILATION, PERHAPS IRREPARABLE, BY ACID. (FOR THE UNDAMAGED PAINTING SEE PAGE 403)



RUBENS' FAMOUS PAINTING, "THE FALL OF THE DAMNED," IN MUNICH, BEFORE ITS RECENT MUTILATION.

Great paintings seem to be subject to unaccountable acts of vandalism from time to time. Only a little while ago a man threw a stone at the "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre, and now Rubens' great "The Fall of the Damned" has been badly damaged by an acid described as a varnish remover. Someone who has yet to be traced entered the Alte Pinakothek, Munich, on February 26 and hurled the acid high up on to the picture, from where it trickled down

the face, almost obliterating a considerable part of it. Valued at well over £350,000, the painting may take years to restore, and there is even a chance that the damage is too extensive to permit adequate restoration. It is understood that the painting was not insured. During the Nazi era the same work was mutilated when the name Göring was scribbled on the naked stomach of one of the "damned" figures. (For the damaged painting see page 402.)

FROM A V-BOMBER TO AIR SAFETY: NAVAL AND AIR NEWS.



DURING ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT FROM HANDLEY PAGE'S AERODROME AT RADLETT, HERTS: THE FIRST VICTOR B.2 BOMBER.



ON THE GROUND AT RADLETT: THE VICTOR B.2, WHICH IS POWERED BY FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE CONWAY JET ENGINES.

The first Handley Page Victor B.2 bomber, which—with its Conway engines—has even greater performance than that of the faster-than-sound Victors already in service, made its maiden flight on February 20. It has the same basic layout and construction as earlier versions.



DURING TRIALS: H.M.S. TIGER, THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST CRUISER, WHICH HAS NEW ARMAMENT AND IS TO BE COMMISSIONED SOON.

The modern armament of H.M.S. Tiger, to be commissioned on March 17 at the John Brown yard on the Clyde, includes the new fully automatic 6-inch turrets, the guns of which have a

rate of fire greatly in excess of that of guns of similar calibre already in service with the Royal Navy. She was laid down in 1941, construction to a new design being resumed in 1955.



REDUCING THE RISK OF MID-AIR COLLISIONS: A MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT HUNTING PRESIDENT CARRYING THE NEW SAFETY COLOUR SCHEME.

The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation announced recently they would apply orange-coloured fluorescent paint to fifteen small aircraft used by the Ministry to make them more conspicuous and reduce the risk of mid-air collisions. It was hoped airlines would do likewise.



THE BLACKBURN NA.39 STRIKE-RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF AN NA.39 IN NAVAL MARKINGS OF GREY AND WHITE.

This NA.39 is the fourth to fly within nine months and is one of the development batch of twenty. It was announced in the recent White Paper on Defence that production of the NA.39, which has high-speed performance at low-level, would be proceeded with.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN UGANDA.



CROWDS GATHERING UNDER THE NEW GRANDSTAND OF THE LUGOGO SPORTS STADIUM, UGANDA, BEFORE THE OPENING BY THE QUEEN MOTHER.



AT THE OWEN FALLS DAM, JINJA, THE QUEEN MOTHER GAZES AT THE GUSHING WATER. WITH HER IS THE CHAIRMAN OF THE UGANDA ELECTRICITY BOARD.



BACK HOME IN ENGLAND, THE QUEEN MOTHER WALKS WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET, AFTER HER TOUR OF KENYA AND UGANDA.

THE Queen Mother has completed a tour of East Africa which was characterised by the atmosphere of friendliness and welcome which she met everywhere. During her last nine days, the Queen Mother visited Uganda. In Kampala she lunched with the Kabaka of Buganda, and as she arrived under streamers reading "owangalee" ("Welcome"), snakeskin drummers, antelope hornblowers, and many other musicians greeted her, while "mushroom" dancers performed on the lawn. At Makerere College she opened a new library and spent half an hour chatting to undergraduates. It was the tenth birthday of the College. After visiting Entebbe, where she attended a garden party at Government House, she made a three-day tour of Western, Northern and Eastern Uganda, and was driven through the Queen Elizabeth game park. She walked to within three yards of a lioness with three cubs. A game ranger covered her with a gun, and the lioness growled.

PRINCE PHILIP IN SINGAPORE.

LIKE the Queen Mother in East Africa, Prince Philip was given a warm welcome when he paid a short visit to the island of Singapore. At a state dinner given for him by the Chief Minister, Lim Yew Hock, the Duke won everyone's heart by wishing the island well when it began its self-government later in the year. He was replying to a loyal toast proposed by Mr. Lim, and went on to say, amid much laughter, "I have had very little experience in self-government. In fact, I am one of the most governed people in the world." On the following day the Duke went into the heart of Chinatown, and later received spontaneous cheers from large numbers of Chinese children who swarmed round his car as he drove to a lunch given by four Chambers of Commerce at Victoria Memorial Hall, which he referred to as the lifeblood of the city. The Duke also laid a wreath at the Allied Forces Cemetery.



DURING HIS VISIT TO SINGAPORE, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE SINGAPORE CHIEF MINISTER, WATCHES DELIGHTED AS TWO INDIAN DANCERS PERFORM.



AT THE WAR CEMETERY AT KRANJI, SINGAPORE, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WALKS WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR WILLIAM GOODE, AFTER LAYING A WREATH.



MALAY WAR VETERANS PRESENTED TO PRINCE PHILIP AT THE KRANJI CEMETERY. THE WAR MEMORIAL COMMEMORATES 24,346 ALLIED SOLDIERS AND AIRMEN.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

OUT AND ABOUT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I ADMIRE the town of Colchester for (among other things) its hilltop High Street; its stretches of Roman wall; and its Repertory Theatre. On this page I ought to put first the Repertory Theatre which is in the High Street and will be, I hope, as lasting as the Roman wall. It is in its twenty-second year; Colchester is proud of it, as any town would be, and Robert Digby, its director, is a theatrical dynamo.

There Colchester is fortunate. I can say so, having been brought up in another, larger, city that, thanks to its Repertory Theatre, gave to any young playgoer a liberal education in the history of the British stage. To-day that city of Plymouth, with well over 200,000 people, has no professional living theatre. It has been in the news because it has recently lost the struggling old music-hall that since the blitz had been a house-of-all-work. What surprises and saddens me is the lack of any reference to the city's theatrical past. One would never have thought that a Plymouth Repertory had had twenty-one years of courageous life, and that there had once been a noble Theatre Royal. The sad fact is that, during the 'thirties, the city allowed its Repertory to die, and the local council tore down Foulston's magnificent central block of theatre and hotel. (The cinema built on this site survived the blitz.)

Although I can sympathise with local people in need of another professional theatre, I am not persuaded that the city—as it is constituted now—will show any more gratitude than in the past. What wearies me is the complacency with which Plymouth has let its stage history fade among the files. Memories are too short. Backward-looking is no longer permissible. We should all be straining into the future, reaching out in the manner of a headline recorded the other day by a weekly review, "Great Surprise Expected."

I shall always be excited about the future, eager for to-night's play, to-morrow's, next week's. But I am also—and I see no cause for grief—deeply interested in the past. No playgoer worthy of the title can afford to be blankly ignorant of almost everything that happened more than a couple of years ago. One has to have some historical sense, and to be selective and wary. Strained hyperbole about minor events in to-day's theatre will mean comically little ten years from now. Just before writing this I read a once famous critic's comment on a production in 1900: "an artistic mission," so he said, "that will not be passed over lightly in the future." The sands have long silted over nearly every trace of that "artistic mission." A few of our pundits ought really to hesitate. It would do them good to read a little in the files, remembering all the time that they are passing into the files themselves, the sand piling gently around them.

Now what has this to do with a visit to the Colchester Repertory Theatre on a mild February afternoon? Simply, I think, that it is to our Repertories we must look to keep memory burnished. It should not be their entire duty to remind provincial playgoers of the London stage during the last two or three years. They should look back beyond this when they can, and (good again to read a little in the files) bring out for a new public some of the good—if not overwhelming—work in

danger of complete loss. In a single year (1929-30), chosen at random, my first Repertory Theatre presented, among many others, plays ranging in date from the 1590's, through 1871, 1888, 1900, 1902, 1908, 1912, 1917, 1921, 1922, and so forth, right across to the contemporary stage.

That is one part of a Repertory Theatre's duty. Another is, from time to time, to originate new plays. Some managements are as shy of this as they are of glancing at the files. Mention either something new or something old, and we are

The Repertory Theatres, I am sure, will not encourage this sort of thing. Colchester, on the day I was there, was staging a new, very honest, and richly intelligent play by Val Gielgud, called "Not Enough Tragedy." Mr. Gielgud, never a mocker at wise tradition, has here let an older generation answer back. There is a good deal in his play, but the scene I shall recall first is one between a deplorable young boor, with the usual catch-phrases, and his urbane but relentlessly logical senior. As spoken by James McInnes and Arthur Cox, this had the immediate sympathy of the house. We had needed the voice of straight common sense; we shall hear it again. Bernard Kelly, at Colchester, directed with quiet skill. Incidentally, though Mr. Cox can put on years with uncommon effect, I could not help wishing during the afternoon (an old wish of mine) that every Repertory had a small core of long-experienced seniors.

I came away pleasantly exhilarated. Within a few hours I was in another kind of theatre: the theatre of Show Business. This is something entirely detached from the day's whirl of argument—that debate, for example, in which my colleague Alan Dent has just been speaking with fine candour. He has never hit about him for the sake of hitting (the "Break, don't make" vein), and that is why his hard, accurate blows have now so deadly an effect. Even if I liked rather better than he did the little play that has caused all the trouble, the general truth of his onslaught on the period's scullery-drama cannot be contradicted.

It is very far from these broils to "Blue Magic" at the Prince of Wales's where everything goes as twice-nightly revue has gone roughly "since before Noah was a sailor." Shirley Bassey sings with relish; Tommy Cooper's eyes pop; and Archie Robbins tells not unfunny stories so fast that they blend and blur. I kept remembering one of my favourite passages from Patrick Hamilton's "Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse,"* describing the business men who look for

someone upon whom they can unload their funny stories—the "latest," the "One About the . . ." The art of One-Aboutism does not consist, as might be thought, mainly in the discovery and clever narration of the stories. These are hardly listened to, and are only perfunctorily laughed at by the other One-Aboutist. The real art lies in not being out-Abouted—in beating down, by astuteness, quickness, personality, and, if necessary, sheer vocal power, your rival One-Aboutist—in telling, in short, more and longer stories within a given time than anyone else present.

Mr. Robbins, of course, has no competition, and, practised as he is, he might have got the house to laugh at Hardcastle's tale of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room—that is, if he had discovered what that remarkable story was: it remains among the great guesses of stage history. In any event, Mr. Robbins is providing ample material for the One-Aboutist.

The revue itself is harmless Show Business. It might have been appreciated by Old King Cole, or by the singing legions that marched past the Roman walls of Camulodunum just before Mr. Digby opened his Repertory Theatre.

* Constable, 1953, page 65.



A SCENE FROM VAL GIELGUD'S "NOT ENOUGH TRAGEDY," FIRST PERFORMED BY THE COLCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE ON FEBRUARY 16 AND DESCRIBED BY JOHN TREWIN AS "A RICHLY INTELLIGENT PLAY," IN WHICH AN OLDER GENERATION IS ALLOWED TO EXPRESS URBANE AND RELENTLESSLY LOGICAL VIEWS TO THE YOUNGER.

From left to right are Olive (Heather Canning), Major-General Charles Burton (Arthur Cox), Mellissa (Virginia Stride) and Colin Rowse (James McInnes).



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THIS SCENE FROM "NOT ENOUGH TRAGEDY" ARE CASIMIR (PETER DRYSDALE), STEFAN NAGY (RICHARD SOTHCOOT), MELLISSA, COLIN, OLIVE AND MAJOR-GENERAL BURTON.

warned, in effect, that a fire-breathing dragon sprawls at once in the box-office and keeps the public at a distance. That is by no means always so. Several of the Repertories do produce new plays, and with success. Not every theatre feels it must regiment its dramatists—luckily, for it does no good to drill a squad of drab little rebels believing in nothing but disbelief, shouldering chips, and clumsily funeral-marching round and round a parish pump. No "great surprise expected" there. That is not the way to endear the stage to a fresh public. If some of our odder romps had been the staple of the 'thirties, I imagine that by now the stage (which is very much alive in spite of its troublesome left-wingers) might have been really moribund.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "CORIOLANUS" (Playhouse, Oxford).—Presented by the O.U.D.S. (March 2.)
- "JULIUS CÆSAR" (Belgrade, Coventry).—The first Shakespeare revival at the Coventry Repertory Theatre. (March 3.)
- "CREDITORS" and "THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A Strindberg play and Otway's version of Molière in a double bill. (March 3.)
- "CLOWN JEWELS" (Victoria Palace).—The return of the Crazy Gang. (March 5.)

CHARTWELL, JERICHO AND THE COTSWOLDS: AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.



TWO HOUSES BY E. AND L. BERG ON SHOW AT THE FIFTY-FIRST IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: THE NEAREST ONE IS DOMINATED BY A HUGE CHIMNEY.

ATTRACTIVE AND LIGHT AMID SPRING FLOWERS: A NEW COTTAGE BY E. AND L. BERG AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA, LONDON.

THIS year's Ideal Home Exhibition is one of the most enterprising and spectacular yet. For those who did not manage to visit the Brussels Exhibition last year there is the British Government Pavilion which has been adapted for Olympia to contain the Hall of Tradition, the Hall of Technology and the Hall of Invention. Visitors entering the Exhibition will find themselves suddenly in the middle of a full-size Cotswold shopping street; and walking round the gardens section can see an exact replica of Sir Winston Churchill's summer-house at his country home, Chartwell. In the Hall of Technology is a model of the famous Jodrell Bank Radio-Telescope, and the Melrose-NEP heart lung machine. There is also a diorama of the recent excavations at Jericho. Tribute is paid to British scientists who have been awarded the Nobel Prize over the last half-century, and in another part of Olympia a model of Zeta is on view.

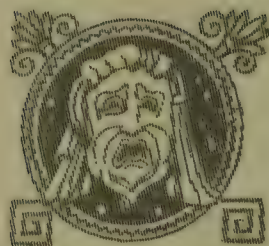
(Right.) FROM NOISY LONDON TRAFFIC STRAIGHT INTO THE PEACE OF A COTSWOLD TOWN: ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION.



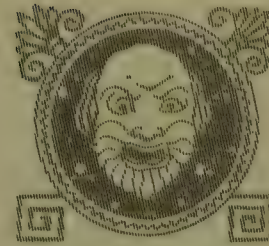
A REPLICA OF A CORNER OF THE GARDEN AT CHARTWELL, THE HOME OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, IS ANOTHER ENTERPRISING EXHIBIT.



IN THE GARDENS SECTION IS THIS EXACT REPLICA OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE AT CHARTWELL KNOWN AS THE MARLBOROUGH PAVILION, AFTER ONE OF CHURCHILL'S GREATEST ANCESTORS.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



CREAM OF RATTIGAN

By ALAN DENT

A YEAR or so ago I saw a performance—by the excellent and enterprising amateur troupe at Beaconsfield, near London—which sent me away full of admiration for Terence Rattigan as a man of the world as well as a man of the theatre. The play was "Separate Tables" which, at first thought, you would consider an almost impossibly difficult double-hurdle for even the best of amateurs to tackle.

The reader must remember—or at least all who went to the dear old St. James's Theatre in the last two years of its existence must remember—that this is two quite separate plays though the action of both happens in a desperately genteel little hotel at Bournemouth. One concerns a lovely but faintly overblown woman of the world who comes in search of a former husband, now a drifting and drink-sodden journalist of sorts. His only hope is the devotion of the hotel's nice, capable, sensitive manageress. Which of the two women will win him back to a purpose in life?

The other play, happening at a later date, concerns the odd but deeply human friendship between a plain and browbeaten girl (who is domineered by an autocratic mother) and a waggish impostor of a military man—jaunty, garrulous, and bogus, but somehow not beneath contempt. He remains so even when he is faced with a charge of having pestered some women in a cinema one afternoon. Will the news of his misdemeanour penetrate to the hotel, and can it be kept from the girl to whom his conversation gives some hint of a meaning in existence? All through the harsh inquisitiveness of the autocratic mother the disgraceful news does penetrate, and it is duly imparted to the poor shrinking girl. Dismay sends her into one of what mother calls her "states"; and how she emerges from it, independent at last and victorious over the browbeater, must be left for the filmgoer to discover. Let it only be divulged here that the happy ending devised for these, on the whole, unhappy people—all of them—sends one away with the tonic conviction that even the most humdrum life is well worth living, and that a gleam of glory may occasionally touch even the most hapless soul.

single-handed. And thus you have the post-mistress and that ingenious and useful little dressmaker (with the white poodle) coping between them to give the illusion that, rolled into one, they are nearly half as good as the enchantingly versatile Miss Leighton.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



DAVID NIVEN AND DEBORAH KERR, APPEARING IN "SEPARATE TABLES" (A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE).

Of his current choice, Alan Dent writes: "In the film made from Terence Rattigan's famous double-play, 'Separate Tables', both David Niven and Deborah Kerr give us notable pieces of acting, quite out of their usual charming self-exposition. Both undertake difficult character-parts, and both are excellent and moving. The film itself—written by Mr. Rattigan in collaboration with John Gay, and directed by Delbert Mann—provides, with certain reservations, quite as good an evening in the cinema as it did in the theatre. It began its career on February 12 at the Leicester Square Theatre."

Let me confess that I came away from the worthy film that Hollywood has made of "Separate Tables" still looking back, and even with a fortified admiration, at what Miss Leighton and Mr. Portman did in that play. But this is only because I visited the play four times. For acting "Separate Tables" on the screen Hollywood has not improved on the notion of the director at Beaconsfield (or whoever first thought of it) and has given to four film-stars the parts assigned in the theatre to two stage-stars. The four of them do passingly well—two of them indeed surpassingly well. These are Deborah Kerr as the pathetic and slightly unbalanced girl, and David Niven as the raffish rogue of a so-called major. Miss Kerr, who can shine in Shaw as well as swim demurely through "The King and I," does not surprise us nearly as much as Mr. Niven, hitherto hardly seen in anything but the lightest of light comedy. His major in every gesture, in his unassured bravado, in his unwilling resignation to calamity, in his abashed reaction to unexpected kindness and understanding, is a complete character, brilliantly carried out without a single false note.

The journalist and his former wife are made Americans for the film's purposes, and while Burt Lancaster struggles gamely and often effectively as the man, Rita Hayworth is quite content to look beautiful in a slightly worn way as the woman, and to let as little feeling as possible ruffle her flawless features. On the other hand, Wendy Hiller as the manageress and Gladys Cooper as the horrid but perfectly credible autocrat are as good as Beryl Measor and Phyllis Neilson-Terry were in the play, and they can expect no higher praise. One other paying-guest, the one called Miss Meacham—who lives chiefly for the sporting news on the radio, and glares at human beings as objects less interesting than horses—is played by May Hallatt with the same perfection she showed in the original play. Felix Aylmer and Cathleen Nesbitt give the hotel's other pathetic relics the tender grace of a day that is dead.

But Hollywood crowns its adaptation by having had the ingenious notion of getting Mr. Rattigan to



LADY MATHESON (CATHLEEN NESBITT), LEFT, CHARMINGLY BREAKS INTO AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN SIBYL (DEBORAH KERR) AND HER DOMINATING MOTHER, MRS. RAILTON-BELL (GLADYS COOPER)—ANOTHER SCENE FROM "SEPARATE TABLES."



ALSO FROM "SEPARATE TABLES," DESCRIBED BY ALAN DENT AS A BREATH-TAKINGLY ALL-BUT PERFECT FILM: THE FAILING JOURNALIST (BURT LANCASTER), WHOSE FORMER WIFE IS PLAYED BY RITA HAYWORTH, WITH THE HOTEL MANAGERESS (WENDY HILLER).

The play is a heaven-sent gift to the amateurs because they can do exactly what the ingenious troupe at Beaconsfield did—let two different actors play the drunk and the impostor and so differentiate between them almost as distinctly as Eric Portman so brilliantly did in the play. Similarly, two different actresses are chosen for the smart lady and the dowdy girl so that they can appear nearly if not quite as dissimilar as Margaret Leighton so dazzlingly contrived to make them in the play. Thus you have the bank-manager and that nice seedsman (who is so helpful with the garden) managing between them to do what Mr. Portman achieved

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

- "HOME BEFORE DARK" (Warner. Generally Released: February 23).—Jean Simmons as a nice little wife who loses her reason but recovers it. An excellent performance in a by no means unintelligent melodrama.
- "BROTHER OF A BOY" (British Lion. Generally Released: February 23).—Passable Irish farce with that broth of an old boy, Barry Fitzgerald.
- "LOVE IS MY PROFESSION" (Miracle. Generally Released: March 2).—Shameless display of Brigitte Bardot and shameful waste of Jean Gabin and other good French players.
- "THE BIG COUNTRY" (United Artists. Generally Released: March 2).—A Western which even those who dislike Westerns will enjoy. It is quite an argument against strife, and it has—at their best—Gregory Peck, Burl Ives, Charlton Heston, and Jean Simmons.

fuse and intertwine his two plays so that their events happen around the same short space of time. It is always possible, of course, that it was Mr. Rattigan who gave this ingenious notion to Hollywood, so that they could produce something much more like an original film than the mere photograph of a stage-production. Anyhow, the resulting film is something not quite perfect but breath-takingly all-but! It may even be possible that Mr. Rattigan foresaw exactly how the difficulties of his play would be surmounted and lapped up by Hollywood and by the dear amateurs as well. You never can tell with these smiling men of the world.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXVI. UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, VICTORIA, B.C.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL AND, TO THE RIGHT, A SIDE VIEW OF THE HEADMASTER'S RESIDENCE.

In the whole of Canada there are only seventeen independent schools for boys. Three are situated in British Columbia, one in Saskatchewan and the remainder in the east, some 3000 miles away. Of the three in British Columbia, University School, first established in 1906, is the oldest. The school has had many ups and downs, and although in 1914 the numbers stood at 200, it is only in these last few years that this figure has again been reached and passed. There are

at present some 220 boys; about two-thirds are boarders and the aims of the school are based on the best traditions of British public schools. Construction of the present buildings was begun in 1908, and they are situated on the slopes of Mt. Tolmie, about two and a half miles from the centre of Victoria. To the south, there is a fine view over the city towards the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Olympic Mountains.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Edward Goodall.

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, BRITISH COLUMBIA: A VIEW OF THE SCHOOL AND THE CRICKET FIELD AT A NOTED CANADIAN INDEPENDENT SCHOOL.



University School has its origin in the partnership formed between Mr. J. C. Barnacle and the Rev. W. W. Bolton, of St. Paul's School, Victoria, B.C., at the beginning of the century. They were later joined in their enterprise by Mr. R. V. Harvey, who afterwards fell in the First World War. At first the school operated for private profit, but in 1936,

after operating for some time at a private loss, it was refounded under the Friendly Societies Act of British Columbia. Under this Act, all profits accruing from the operation of the school must be farmed back into the school and personal financial gain is eliminated. The successful working of this arrangement is ensured by the control of a Board of Governors

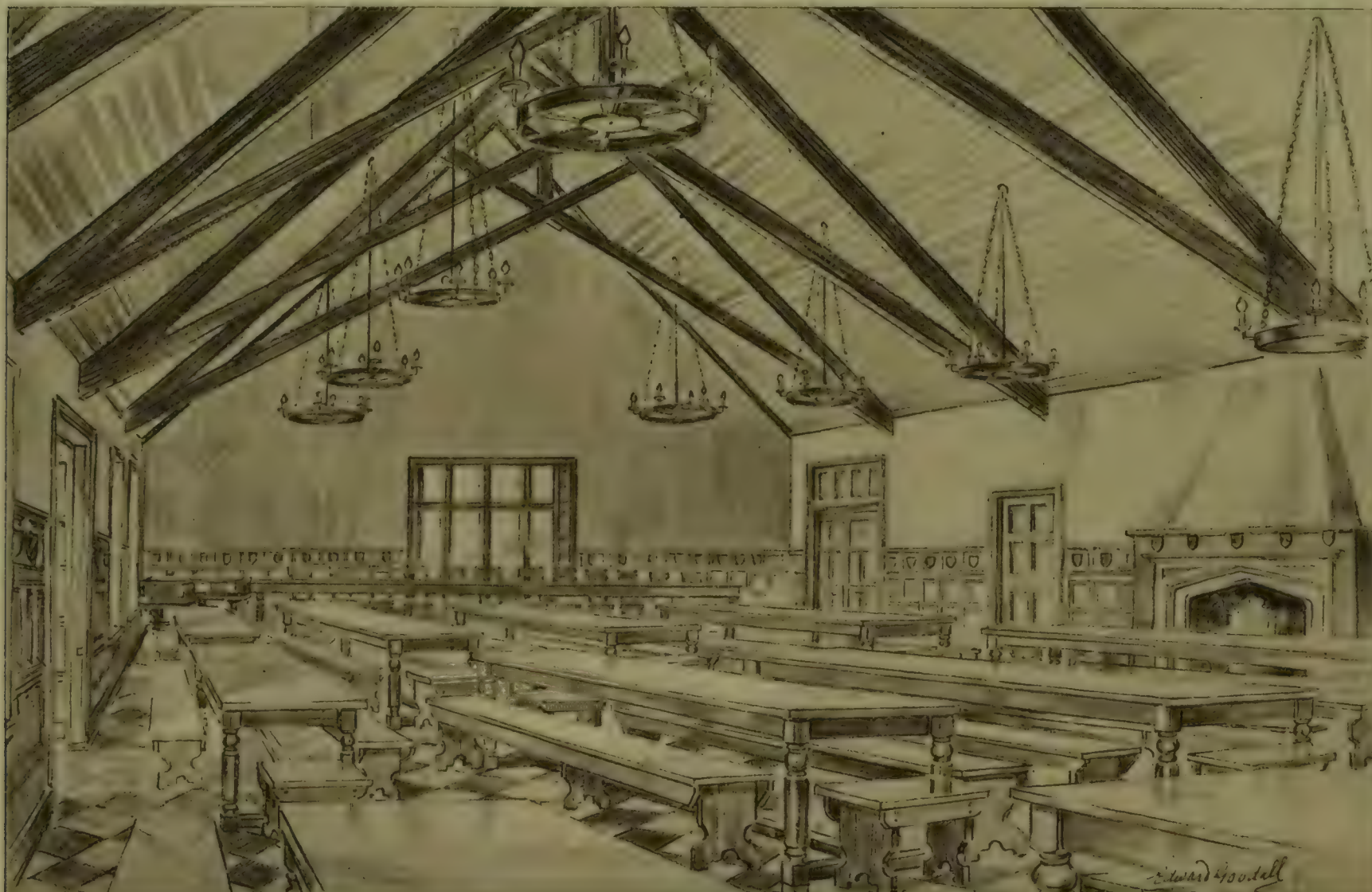
who act in a purely honorary capacity. In 1947 Brentwood College, a similar foundation, was destroyed by fire and some time after this the boys were transferred to University School, where they formed the nucleus of a new house. There are now three houses—Founders, Brentwood and Harvey. The principal buildings are School House, Harvey House and Brown Hall,

a new addition, which is illustrated overleaf. The grounds cover some twenty acres, of which ten are devoted to playing fields. Before the Second World War, large numbers of boys were recruited from the Orient, but now the boys come principally from points on the Pacific Coast ranging from the Arctic Circle to South America.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated

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UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, B.C.: BROWN HALL AND AN EXTERIOR VIEW.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RECENTLY-BUILT BROWN HALL, CONTAINING DINING HALL, KITCHEN AND CLASSROOMS.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SCHOOL, WHICH STANDS ON THE SLOPES OF MT. TOLMIE, ABOVE VICTORIA.

Brown Hall, University School's new block containing dining hall, kitchen and three classrooms, was opened last summer by the donor, Mrs. R. A. Brown, of Calgary, whose son, Mr. R. A. Brown, Junior, is an Old Boy and Governor of the school, and a leading figure in Canada's oil and gas industries. The panelling, the tables and the benches are in oak, and the Hall is decorated inside with the crests of the Colleges and Universities

throughout the world to which former pupils have graduated. Harvey House has been extensively renovated and was re-opened in 1953 as a separate Lower School. As part of the British Columbia Centennial celebrations last year, the Headmaster of University School, Mr. J. J. Timmis, took a team of British Columbia schoolboys to play rugger in Britain. Although the team lost most of its matches the tour was a great success.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Edward Goodall.



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WHEN an author writes a novel about the profession in which he is himself engaged, one naturally looks to find his considered judgment about its theory and practice. When that profession happens to be politics, one looks further, hoping to discover recognisable public faces lurking behind the masks which he has chosen to give them. When, finally, the author has met a tragic death while his book has been waiting for publication, one opens it with a further combination of mixed and incompatible feelings: hesitation to draw deductions which the author is no longer present to confute, and a wholly unjustifiable feeling that since this was, as it proved, his last work, it must contain something like his final testament to posterity. All these circumstances are present in the case of the late Wilfred Fienburgh's *NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE*. I came to read it rather later than most of my colleagues, and they will, I hope, forgive me if I remark that in most instances their reviews seemed to me to reflect an inevitable, but confusing, ambivalence.

Nor would I claim that my own contribution escapes it. I did not know Mr. Fienburgh well, and my own political bias is very far removed from his. As so often happens in such cases, I found the man himself a good deal more agreeable than his opinions. He was not, one must suppose, marked out for high political office if and when the Labour Party were to be returned to power, and there may be a touch of autobiography in his description of his hero as "a poor man's Bob Boothby." But I was totally unprepared for the bitter disillusion and the irremediable despair which start out of this book like a bone through torn flesh. The period seems to be immediately after the General Election which we are all now expecting, and Labour has won. Mr. Fienburgh's Johnnie Byrne has been expecting junior office, and has not got it. Deserted by his near-Communist wife, he seeks compensation in love, and he does not get that either. Given a chance to make a name for himself as a dangerous back-bench rebel, he sacrifices it to a couple of hours' dalliance—and immediately afterwards the girl rejects him. But the sting is in the tail. He gets his junior ministry after all, and, as for the first time he sits on the Treasury bench and puts his feet up on the table, "at long, long last he is content." The futility and illusion of politics has become the futility and illusion of Johnnie himself. Familiar as I have become with the aridities which so often afflict travellers through the desert of Westminster, I have never met anything quite to match this. It should take the starriness out of the eyes of those who are now preparing, full of hope, courage and loyalty, to fight their first electoral battle.

There are other, less circumscribed, forces of disillusion, and some people have managed to overcome them—or at least to come to terms with them. One such is Somerset Maugham, whose attitude to life has been examined from a number of different points of view in *THE WORLD OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM*, an anthology edited by Dr. Klaus Jonas to coincide with the subject's eighty-fifth birthday. Dr. Jonas has assembled some distinguished contributors, including Frank Swinnerton and St. John Ervine, but to my mind the best of these essays is that by Dr. M. C. Kuner, entitled "Maugham and the West." In it Dr. Kuner observes: "If Hardy shakes an impotent fist at the universe, Maugham lifts a Gallic shoulder in dismissal. Yet this indifference is only a cloak for the fury which now and again wells up in him: 'I'm glad I don't believe in God. When I look at the misery of the world and its bitterness, I think no belief can be more ignoble,' he recorded in 'A Writer's Notebook' at twenty-seven. By the time he was sixty-seven, he had taught himself a resignation which relieved but did not heal his sorrow." Maugham, in Dr. Kuner's view, is "a romantic who would not believe but a realist who must doubt," able to diagnose our condition in a language which we can understand. Perhaps these are large claims to put forward on behalf of one who says of himself that he has never pretended to be anything but a story-writer. Yet they are illuminating and, I think, true.

Now for a good dose of extroversion. To the novelist Dennis Wheatley there came, in 1940, an opportunity which would have turned Oppenheim, Wallace and Buchan green with envy. He was asked to put what his wife so rightly calls his "speciality in original ideas" at the service of the Chiefs of Staff. Here are all the ideas he evolved, from the use of old iron and broken glass to hamper invaders, to the building of redoubts with gravestones; from plans for the invasion of Sardinia, to the creation of a belt of United Provinces in Europe after the war. For once, the title which he has chosen, *STRANGER THAN FICTION*, fully justifies itself.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

I wish I could dwell on Mr. Wheatley's ingenuity, but I must return to fiction, because Mr. John Mantley's *THE SNOW BIRCH* is really superb. It was inevitable that this book should be compared to "The Yearling," but Miss Rawling's Jody only resembles Mr. Mantley's Robbie in that they are both little boys growing up in the backwoods with a great sensitivity and love for animals. Robbie's father dies, and his mother

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A NEW book recently floated in from the Soviet Union entitled "Strategia i Taktika Shakhmat" (which I'm sure I don't need to translate for you, so there now, you know four words of Russian already!).

It is by G. M. Lissitsin, well known for many decades as a Russian player of near world championship standard. It is an official publication by the Ministry of Physical Culture and Sport (I rather doubt whether such a thing as an unofficially published Russian book exists?). This Ministry classes chess with football, tennis, ski-ing, sailing and similar sports with which a large section of our bourgeoisie would scorn to consider chess at all.

It is a tremendous book, of 542 packed pages. The diagrams are numbered: on we go past diagram No. 539, 786, 932 When we get to diagram No. 1077, the author decides he has finished the book proper. For his concluding section, therefore, illustrating 249 beautiful bits of combinative play, each with a diagram of its own, he starts all over again.

The price of this tremendous compilation? Admittedly the paper is nothing to write home about, but the print is clear, the binding and cover elegant. The intrinsic quality of the matter is, of course, superb; there is more originality of thought in any one page than the average British or American-produced chess book has in a chapter.

Seventeen roubles! Take the rouble as 28 to the pound sterling or ten to the dollar—a fair exchange—and work it out!

The Russians have an engaging habit of announcing, in a book, how many copies have been printed. Of this, there were 30,000. The average publisher would gamble on about 10,000 copies of such a book in Germany, 5000 at most in England and the States. But there *are* books printed in 30,000 editions here: why do none approach this in value for money, even remotely? Is it subsidised? Is cheap labour the clue? I am baffled, and a little sad

To quote about one three-thousandth part of the book will scarcely infringe its copyright.

How does White force an immediate win from this position, which occurred in a game at Kiev in 1951?

(Black.)



(White.)

By 1. R-R7ch! K×R; 2. Kt×R double ch and White mates in two more moves. If 1. . . . K-Kt1, then 2. Kt×B mate.

marries Fred, the hired man, a dangerous psycho-neurotic with a great hulking body. Here is an author who knows just how to produce a crisis, and just how to resolve it. He knows, too, that Freudian misfits are not bred exclusively in cities—though small Canadian towns like Pineville cannot contain many practitioners—as competent as Dr. McLeod. If this novel does not become a best-seller, I despair of contemporary taste.

His publishers introduce Mr. Mantley quietly enough, whereas M. Henri Queffelec struts on-stage to the booming of drums. His novel, *THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA*, has won the *Grand Prix du Roman de l'Académie Française*—and, frankly, here is a circumstance which causes me to revise my opinion of that august body. Or can

it be, quite simply, that very few French novels bear translation? Had it not been for the final scene between Jean Modenou, skipper of a Breton fishing trawler, and the moron of his crew, who has clumsily betrayed the secret of his pet fishing-ground, and tumbled (equally clumsily)

into bed with his wife, I should have dismissed this book as very poor stuff. Nor, I am afraid, have I a much higher opinion of Mr. John Rhode's *LICENCED FOR MURDER*, a mystery story of a charred body lurking in a village pub. However, I must not be ungrateful. This is the first thriller which has afforded me the supreme satisfaction of guessing the murderer correctly by the time I had reached page 21! A good deal better, though not perhaps in the first class, is Miss Norah Lofts's collection of short stories, *HEAVEN IN YOUR HAND*. Miss Lofts is handy with children, and with old ladies—good, bad, or indifferent—and she can find the twist in the tail which good short stories need. But she should steer clear of Grand Guignol if she cannot refrain from making it smell, ever so slightly, of a rose-garden.

Smells lead me to *MANDINGO*, a novel about slavery in the southern States of America, by Kyle Onstott. Apart from the fact that it is written in Deep South "jabberwocky"—and I am gravely allergic to regional jargon of all kinds—this book digs up the nastiest kind of "revelations" about the horrors of slave stud-farms, as they existed in the 1830's. I do not care how much these unfortunate Negroes used to smell—though had it been my duty, as it was apparently that of Mr. Onstott's white "hero," Hammond Maxwell, to de-flower them systematically and seriatim, I dare say that I should have cared very much. Hammond's wife, of course, produces a black baby—but by the time I reached that point in the book, even my capacity for strong disgust had become duller by over-stimulation.

It was a relief to turn to a really nice book—even if that is about all one can say about *FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND*. The author, Dr. David Harrison, spent a couple of years in the Middle East as a medical officer in the R.A.F. His book is really for naturalists, and I am sure that amateurs as well as professionals will enjoy it. (For me, the highlight was the complaint of a Franciscan friar that bats were robbing his fruit-trees in the garden of Gethsemane!)

Across the desert from Jerusalem, some fifty miles south of Baghdad, lie the ruins of Babylon, that proud city which flourished from the eighteenth century B.C. until Alexander destroyed it 500 years later. I do not know why one should be surprised by the way in which archaeology has confirmed so much of what is recorded in the Old Testament about Babylon, but this fact certainly adds much interest to Albert Champdor's *BABYLON*, the second volume in a series entitled "Ancient Cities and Temples." I have yet to read a better account of the rise and fall of Nebuchadnezzar, the great conqueror who ended his life "crouched in a spiritual darkness like a beast at bay."

I have barely left myself enough space to mention two books likely to interest specialists. In my schooldays, we collected stamps by countries—"foreign," or "British colonial"—but to-day, I gather, stamps are classified by the themes they depict. So *STAMPS AND SHIPS*, by James Watson, will be useful to the new brand of connoisseurs.

RECONQUEST OF BURMA, Vol. I of the Official History of the Indian Armed Forces in the Second World War, edited by Dr. Bisheshwar Prasad, will be welcomed by those who would like to fight over again the battles so brilliantly waged by Lord Mountbatten, Field Marshal Slim and General Wingate.

BOOKS REVIEWED

NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE, by Wilfred Fienburgh. (Hutchinson; 15s.)

THE WORLD OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM, edited by Klaus W. Jonas. (Peter Owen; 21s.)

STRANGER THAN FICTION, by Dennis Wheatley. (Hutchinson; 25s.)

THE SNOW BIRCH, by John Mantley. (Michael Joseph; 15s.)

THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA, by Henri Queffelec. (Arthur Barker; 13s. 6d.)

LICENCED FOR MURDER, by John Rhode. (Bles; 12s. 6d.)

HEAVEN IN YOUR HAND, by Norah Lofts. (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.)

MANDINGO, by Kyle Onstott. (Longmans; 18s.)


FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND, by David Harrison. (Benn; 25s.)

BABYLON, by Albert Champdor. (Elek; 30s.)

STAMPS AND SHIPS, by James Watson. (Faber; 12s. 6d.)

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE INDIAN ARMED FORCES, VOL. I. RECONQUEST OF BURMA, edited by Bisheshwar Prasad. (Longmans; 50s.)

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE M.G. MAGNETTE MARK III.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

ALTHOUGH I dealt with the M.G.A. sports coupé in the issue of February 7 there are two particular reasons why I now review its stable companion, the *Magnette*.

In the first place, the Mark III version of the deservedly popular *Magnette* was only announced a month ago, and it is the third B.M.C. production to carry the distinctive styling of Farina, the famous Italian body designer and builder. Secondly, the two cars have much in common mechanically but differ considerably in character, for the M.G.A., as a high-performance two-seater, has an appeal limited to enthusiasts, whereas the *Magnette* combines luxurious four-seater saloon comfort with performance and accordingly has a much wider appeal.

Although the new Mark III has basically the same engine and transmission as its predecessor, it is a slightly larger car, being longer, wider, and with more passenger space. In particular it is 2 ins. wider over the front seat cushions, which are also 2 ins. deeper, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wider over the rear seat cushion, and has 4 ins. more leg room between the front and rear seats and 1 in. more headroom.

Other important increases in dimensions are 4 ins. in the width of the front doors and 2 ins. in that of the rear doors, and as the doors open really wide, access to both front and rear seats is unobstructed. Luggage space has been increased by over 50 per cent., from 12 cub. ft. to 19 cub. ft., a feature which must greatly interest those who are planning touring holidays.

Appearance is, of course, always a matter of personal taste, but I think the consensus of opinion will certainly approve the Italianate styling, especially since the traditional M.G. radiator grille is retained in modernised form. The lines are distinctive and graceful, and the car looks well proportioned.

At the same time practical as well as æsthetic considerations are satisfied, the wrap-round screen and rear window giving excellent vision ahead over the down-curving bonnet and astern over the boot top, sloping downwards between the sharp-edged fins of the wings. The bumpers also wrap round the wing tips to give a measure of side protection. Door windows, screen, and rear window have stainless metal surrounds, and with a similar waist moulding of thin section serve to emphasise the appearance, while needing the minimum of attention to keep clean.

Although the car is slightly larger than the previous model, being some 9 ins. longer, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wider, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins. higher, its wheelbase and track show slight reductions. Its weight at 22½ cwt. is approximately ½-cwt. heavier, but there has been no loss of performance.

A new induction manifold carries two semi-down draught S.U. carburettors and is heated by the exhaust manifold, giving rapid warming up from cold and good fuel economy, and the maximum torque at low r.p.m. has been appreciably increased, although the power of the B-series engine remains unaltered at 68 b.h.p. at 5400 r.p.m. Other engine modifications include a new oil pump and sump.

From the driver's point of view the controls are conveniently located, and his bucket-type seat gives good support to thighs and back. The dished two-spoke wheel is not too near, the horn ring is indented to give a good view of the grouped instruments, and the toggle type switches are decisive in action. The remote-control central gear-lever and the brake-lever to the right of the driver's seat are admirably placed. The pendant clutch and brake pedals are well spaced, so that there is plenty of room for the feet, but a minor criticism is that the accelerator is a little on the high side for a small foot. The window winders on the front doors are set forward and low down, so that they present no obstruction on which to bump a knee but are a little difficult to reach.

But the driving position is excellent, and that is the first requisite for enjoyment of the performance. The clutch is smooth and its hydraulic actuation needs only light pedal pressure. The gear-box is a delight to expert or novice, the short central lever giving precise command of it, its ratios being nicely chosen, and the degree of noise on the indirect ratios being commendably small.

The combination of free-revving engine and suitable ratios results in good acceleration, and from rest a speed of 30 m.p.h. is attained in 6.9 secs., and of 60 m.p.h. in 17.7 secs. On first gear of 15.64 to 1 the maximum speed is 26 m.p.h., on second of 9.52 to 1 it is 43 m.p.h., on the close ratio third of 5.91 to 1 it is 73 m.p.h., and on the 4.3 to 1 top gear 85 m.p.h. is available when road conditions permit.

Third gear is obviously a most useful ratio for swift acceleration when overtaking. For example, from 40–60 m.p.h. takes 14.6 secs. on top gear but only 9.8 secs. on third. The experienced driver will, therefore, take advantage of the performance, and the less expert need not hesitate to do so also, because the synchromesh mechanism will ensure a perfect change.

But the leisurely driver should not imagine that frequent gear changes are essential. The engine is very flexible and will pull away smoothly on top gear from as low a speed as 10 or 12 m.p.h., remaining smooth and quiet up to its maximum, although the exhaust note becomes audible. Cruising

is particularly quiet and effortless at about 60 m.p.h., when wind noise is just audible but not obtrusive.

The road holding is one of the *Magnette's* best features. It derives from a low centre of gravity, the rigidity of the unitary steel body, and the suspension and steering characteristics. The springing is firm, but not to the detriment of riding comfort, and there is a minimum of roll in fast cornering. The steering, of cam and peg type, in place of the rack and pinion of the previous model, is light and precise, and virtually unaffected by road reactions.

There is a general tendency towards improved braking, and the Mark III is in the fashion, having 147 sq. in. of frictional area to the 134 sq. in. of its predecessor. The Girling hydraulic brakes of 9-in. diameter have two leading shoes at the front and are well up to their task, stopping the car rapidly but smoothly with only light pedal pressure and remaining free from symptoms of fade.

In its high standard of finish and equipment the *Magnette* stands at the top of its class. All contact surfaces of the seats are of leather, the floor has deep pile carpets, and the fascia and door cappings are of polished walnut veneer. The panel above the fascia is covered in black leather to prevent reflections in the screen, and the panel lighting switch gives two intensities of illumination. Included in the standard equipment are a lock-up glove-box in front of the passenger, a clock, twin sun vizors, heater and de-mister, screen washer, ventilating louvres to front and rear side windows, courtesy lights, parcel shelf beneath the fascia, as well as the usual speedometer, flashing indicators, lamps, screen-wiper, and so on.

Instruments include ammeter and oil-pressure gauge, nowadays so often omitted. Door locks are the latest zero-torque type which shut quietly without slamming, and front doors have key-operated locks. Provision is made for the fitting of radio, which is about the only extra listed.

Practical features are a 10-gallon fuel tank, which gives an adequate supply for long-distance journeys, in view of the good m.p.g. figures, varying from, say, 35 m.p.g. in leisurely driving to 25 m.p.g. in fast running, the spring-loaded boot lid, the lock-controlled petrol filler, and the accessibility of battery, screen-washer reservoir, dipstick and oilfiller.

The price is unchanged, the basic figure being £714 and purchase tax £358 7s., total £1072 7s.; but if duotone colour is required the extra charge is £18 15s., of which £6 5s. is purchase tax.

MOTORING NOTES.

In view of the European Common Market the Geneva Motor Show assumes added importance this year. It is to be opened by the President of the Swiss Confederation, M. Paul Chaudet, on March 12, and will contain exhibits from seventeen countries.

During the ten years in which the Automobile Association has operated its radio road service free assistance has been given to A.A. members on 1,800,000 occasions. At the present day SOS calls average over 1000 in every twenty-four hours.

The Hawker Siddeley Group Ltd. and the Bristol Aeroplane Co. Ltd. are merging the activities of Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd. and Bristol Aero-Engines Ltd. Hawker Siddeley and B.A.C. are acquiring in equal proportions the whole share capital of Bristol Siddeley Engines, formed last year as a link between A.S.M. and B.A.E.L., and B.S.E., in turn, is acquiring the complete share capital of A.S.M. and B.A.E. and will take over the whole of the operations of both companies. Bristol Siddeley Engines will also acquire Bristol Cars Ltd.

Mr. Peter Ware has been appointed Chief Executive Engineer of the Rootes Group, in charge of engineering activities at Coventry and diesel engine design and development at Tilling-Stevens, Maidstone.

Car insurance will be obligatory in France and Algeria from April 1. On entering France, tourists will be required to show that they have taken out cover with a French company, or are in possession of the Green Card issued by their own insurers. Alternatively, insurance can be effected by payment of a premium to the Customs.

The R.A.C. Travel Service Ltd., recently opened at 66, Haymarket, London, S.W.1, has published a brochure which includes details of air charter holidays, car tours, inclusive holidays, cruises, motor coach holidays and sky tours.

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd. has formed a wholly-owned subsidiary company in Naples for importing, assembling and distributing its products in Italy. The name of the new company is Standard-Triumph Italiana.

The Aston Martin *DB Mark III* is now available with the fully automatic Borg Warner transmission; prices, including purchase tax, are £3301 7s. for the saloon and £3676 7s. for the drophead coupé.



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Everybody in public speaking, and more particularly public hearing, knows Sir Dan Plunkington of Plunkington's. No need to "Pray Silence" when he is on his feet. Funnily enough, as someone to sit next to, he is a dead bore; and at home, under the influence of Lady Plunkington, he is actually almost completely silent. But everyone is so certain that he makes a jolly good speech, that although nobody can ever quite remember what he says, the fact that it must be all right is so generally agreed that everybody enjoys it anyhow, except of course the other speakers.

You, too, can be a Plunkington: and Schweppshire Research is on hand to tell you how he does it. Our analysis of 100 ten-minute P. speeches proves that it is a question of shape. And it is a question of timing (*in mins. and secs.*):

Begin with surprise (0'00") at being asked to speak: but (0'15") be tremendously honoured. 0'35", joke against self leading to Joke 2—amusing reference to chief Lady Guest which (a) refers to her in pig-tails and (b) plausibly underestimates her age by ten years. At 1'50", use reserve joke if (2) has misfired. Then suddenly (2'30") look tremendously solemn. Even say—2'33"—that something must be becoming increasingly obvious. 3'40", try applause-extractor (A) ("Wonderful work been done by..."). Then after 3½ mins. padding, turn to most important or only titled person present and make flattering reference without actually mentioning him by name. 7'40" refer humorously to staff and then slide into top gear for the finish.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen



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